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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of *nearly Seventy Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. V.

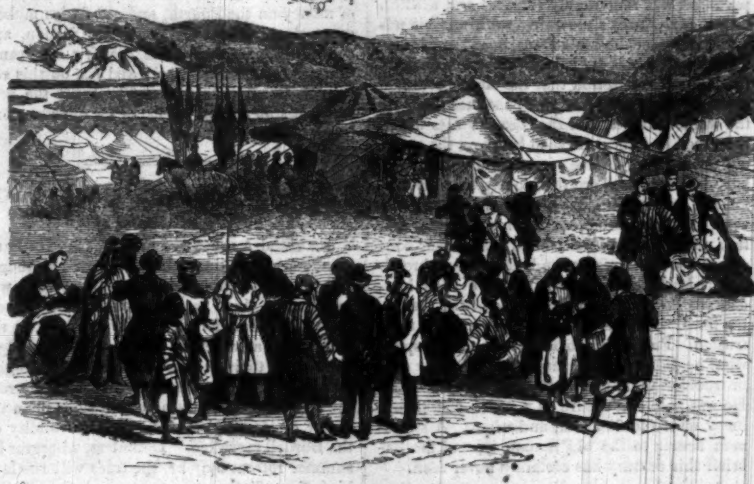
(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Arab Horsemanship.—Ride to the Jordan.—Lost.—Night in a ruined Castle.—Jericho.—The Fountain of Elisha.—The Jordan Valley.—Pilgrims.—The Dead Sea.—Bathing in the Jordan.

A FREE rein, a knee pressed firmly to the saddle, a keen eye, and a cool head are all that is required to make an American the full equal of a Bedouin Arab on horseback. But you may well believe there are few Americans that possess these requirements. We practice too little at home. Travel in the Holy Land must be done entirely in the saddle. But ordinary travelers require no horsemanship. The pace is always a walk, and the distance traveled each day is but a trifle of 20 miles or so. Women and children bear it well.

But we are traveling in another way. I have no certainty in the morning where I shall be in the evening. I turn my horse's head as it suits me, now here, now there. Thorough acquaintance with the Arabs enables me to take my chance of sleep in their tents, and old experience in American forests has taught me how to find rest when even the black tent is inaccessible.

Last week we rode down to Jericho and the Jordan. The road is over the Mount of Olives, through Bethany, and thence among wild hills. This seems to be the ancient road. I can not, in any of my rides, find another which would throw doubt on this idea. Doubtless this is the path which the Saviour alluded to when he related the parable of the good Samaritan, and which he often passed over.



CAMP OF THE PILGRIMS TO THE JORDAN.

I was off early in the morning. The tents were struck at daybreak, and the Valley of Jehoshaphat had a deserted appearance, desolate and mournful as it usually is, when I looked down into it from the winding road that goes around the eastern side of Olivet, and missed the familiar home that I had occupied so many days.

Steenburger looked farther back, at Jerusalem, for the party of our American friends were still there, and hesitating whether, in the feeble state of health of Miss Warren, it was safe to venture on travel to the northward. Hence John's lingering gaze.

Oh human love! Oh weak and thoughtless brain of man! Here was one who had come six thousand miles to see the City of David and the minarets of Omar, and now his eyes looked back from Olivet—not on the desolate temple site, the stately wall, the tower and dome above the Sepulchre—but seeking the low roof of the house of an Italian innkeeper, in which there lay a sick woman!

We went through Bethany at a gallop, and were soon in a dark ravine among the hills, down which our course lay. I don't know exactly how it happened that we got lost, but we did get lost, and that in this worst of roads, celebrated for its thieves now as in old times.

We passed the night in a queer place. I think it must have been once a castle of the Crusaders. It is a fine ruin, crowning a lofty hill, and commanding a vast prospect. No foot of civilized man can have been in it, except it be of wanderers like ourselves, in centuries. Seeing it from a distance I pressed toward it as the night fell, crossing three of the deepest ravines and as many sharp ridges before I reached it. Houssein was with us, but he knew nothing of the roads hereabouts.

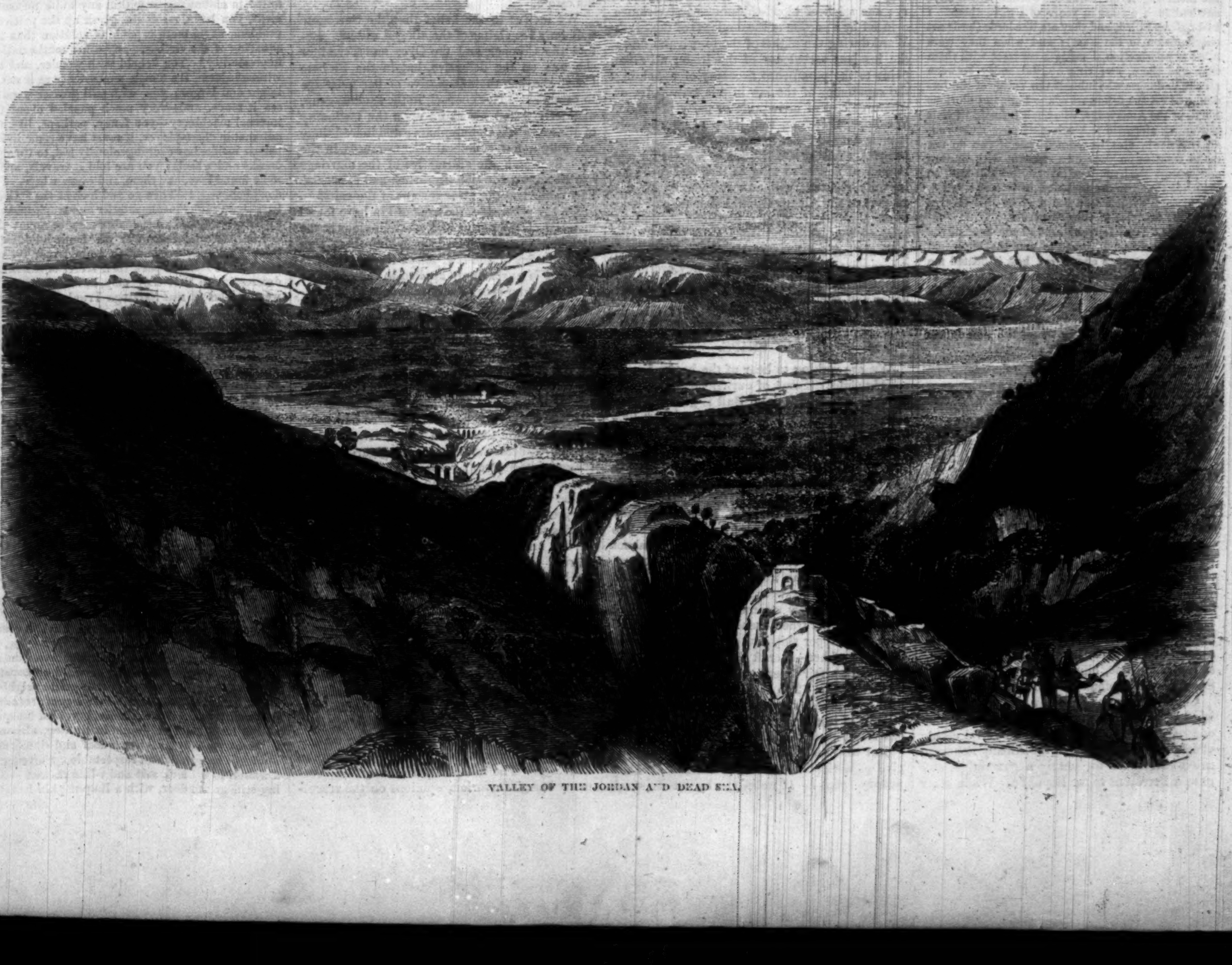
There was a pile of dry brush lying in the grand court of the ruined castle. To this we helped ourselves. It belonged to Bedouin women. If I ever meet them I will pay them.

In a little while we had a blazing fire in the chief room of the old building. I call it room, for such it once was, though now the floor is turf and the roof is sky. The scene would do to paint, but I felt little like sketching. And yet I slept grandly under the side of a rock—a long stone which had once done duty in the wall, but now served as a wind-breaker to a houseless wanderer. Steenburger growled occasionally, but on the whole we did well. I have seen worse quarters. I remember once when I was in the Euphrates Valley—but of that some other time.

In the morning we found the road, striking it near a ruined Khan, and in three hours' time opened that splendid landscape, the Valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Far down below us it smiled like a valley of heaven instead of the deep sunken place of the curse of God.

The solitary tower which marked the site of the village of E'Rihah, the sole representative of old Jericho, was visible in the plain. The gorge of the brook Cherith, on our left, went plunging down and down to the valley, where it was spanned by two ruined stone bridges of ancient days All was grand, magnificent, solemn, around us—all was exceedingly beautiful, calm, and glorious, beyond—even to the mountains of Moab, that rose majestic across the Jordan.

We descended rapidly to the plain, emerging from the gorge of the brook on a high platform which occupied the western side of the valley. This let us slowly down to the true valley-level, and a gallop of a mile to the northward brought



VALLEY OF THE JORDAN AND DEAD SEA.

us to the Fountain of the Sultan, where our tents were pitched.

The fountain, a noble gushing river, is doubtless that healed by Elisha in ancient times, when its waters were bitter. It lies a mile or more from the modern village, the representative of ancient Jericho. I think it probable, however, that the ancient city was near the fountain. Ruins of old buildings lie scattered here and there all along the hillside. The high bluff of the mountains which overlooks the fountain is dignified by tradition as the place of the end of the forty days' temptation, and the high hill whence the Saviour saw the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof.

Jericho is a desolation. It lies as prostrate as when the walls fell before the trumpets of the children of Israel; nor from that fall to the present day has any man, king or slave, prevailed to build again the accursed city. Herod's city was not on the site of the ancient Jericho, but nearer the mountains. The plain is four or five miles broad between the hills and the Jordan.

Early in the afternoon we were in the saddle, and rode at a gallop across the plain to the sacred river, reaching it at the spot where the pilgrims come annually to bathe and wash away their sins. I did not witness the bathing this year, but I had seen it in a former visit, and it was well worth coming down to see.

The pilgrims who throng Jerusalem at Easter are chiefly Armenians, though there are many Latins and Greeks. They form a vast assembly, and one of the requirements of the pilgrimage is a bath in the Jordan, and a dipping therein of certain garments wherein they expect to be buried. Indeed this is the great end of the pilgrimage. Hence the camp ground of the pilgrims and the scene at the river are among the most interesting views that a traveler can take away with him. We pitched our tents at the pilgrim's usual camping place.

If the Jordan could so wash away sin I am a clean man, soul and body, for I have bathed seven times and more in its icy water. It comes down cold and fierce from Lebanon and the Sea of Galilee, and its waves are as chilly as the waves of that river it is so often made to typify.

Perhaps I have lost the blessings of the Jordan by my many dips in the sea of death. Pardon the brevity of my descriptions. These letters will not permit me room to describe the Jordan Valley nor the Dead Sea. We rode down to the shore of the sea in the twilight. Houssein was anxious lest the Bedouins of the Ghor should take the night to attack us, for we had paid no tribute, and were therefore proper prey. I had invited a Sheik of the Ghor, however, to meet me in the evening, intending to pacify him with an appropriate buck-sheesh. But he might be impatient, and it was hardly safe to trust ourselves out after dark in the valley.

We went like lightning across the dry, dusty plain, over which the Jordan had but lately swept in its spring overflow. Pausing on the shore of the sea of death, only long enough to taste its bitter waters, and to see the long black shadows of the mountains of Engeddi stealing over and taking possession of the sea, with a pomp that signified how totally it was given over to darkness and the powers thereof, we went back over the plain to our tents by the Fountain of Elisha.

The Sheik of the Ghor Bedouins and a dozen of his tribe were waiting for us at the camp fire. Wild, fierce, and fiendish they did verily appear in the flickering light. But the Jordan Arabs have not had such a feast in years as I gave them. I had a sheep killed, and they ate like lords (lords eat only mutton in the East); and when they were filled to satisfaction, I made a contract with them then and there, swearing eternal amity between all the Bedouins who inhabit the Valley of the Jordan, and all the followers of the high and glorious Sheik of the Americans, who shall henceforth visit the valley aforesaid. Much good may it do you, oh traveler! But be warned that if you do not make treaties on your own account with mutton and money, the hounds of Ishmaelites will take no evidence that you are included in former treaties, except such evidence as you may be able to give out of the muzzles of your revolvers.

The next day I loitered around the head of the Dead Sea. Shall I repeat to you the often-told stories of its strange character? how it floated me high up when I bathed, and stung me furiously in my eyes and in every pore of my skin with its sharp, acrid salts? I was glad to wash off the shining salt which a morning bath left on my skin, by dipping myself for the eighth time in the Jordan, at the place of Christ's baptism.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

DEATH OF FABRICIUS.

THE country has lost him whom, of all our statesmen, we could least afford to lose. Though unconnected with public life, and in a position to contemplate calmly the strifes of nations and the war of parties, William L. Marcy was none the less a tower of reliance in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen, who knew that when the evil day came he would be at the post of danger with his clear mind, his great heart, and his bold front. Perhaps not another statesman of the present day could have gathered around him so many intelligent, patriotic, and, at the same time, blindly-confiding supporters. Such was the famous strength of the man.

Commencing public life by capturing a British flag during the war of 1812, Mr. Marcy was one of the first chiefs of that powerful cabal, which, under the name of the Albany Regency, ruled this State for nearly a generation, and gave a President to the Republic. While other chiefs of the Regency were distinguished as orators, as financiers, as supple managers, he was conspicuous for his wisdom in council, his extraordinary coolness, and his Roman integrity. The other leaders frequently confessed that they distrusted each other; but all trusted Marcy. Passing rapidly through various subordinate offices, and employing his leisure in political journalism, he found himself, at forty-four, a Senator of the United States, and a respected member of that great body. He relinquished his seat, in order to assume the Governorship of this State—personal considerations, doubtless, outweighing political ambition. After three terms as Governor—which won him the respect and attachment of the entire State—he shared the defeat of the democracy in 1838, and retired to private life and the practice of his profession. From these avocations he was summoned, in 1844, by Mr. Polk, who, beginning his administration with a budding war on his hands, confided the most important post in his Cabinet—the Secretaryship of War—to Governor Marcy, and was amply rewarded by seeing the duties of that post discharged as they had never been before. Even the most strenuous opponents of the war admit that his administration of the department was remarkably efficient and skillful.

But Mr. Marcy's crowning work was his administration of the State Department under Mr. Pierce. It is not denied by the best friends of the late administration that the strong common sense of Governor Marcy was the main stay of the whole Cabinet, and that the few acts which redeemed its follies and shed lustre on the country during Mr. Pierce's term were his. We have had occasion, ere this, to say that his diplomatic papers and dispatches are among the very best ever produced in this country, and that no Minister of the United States ever conciliated so much respect and admiration abroad.

Mr. Marcy's characteristics have been incidentally mentioned in the course of the foregoing lines. He was, above all things, a man to be trusted. Frank even to bluffness, he never spoke what he did not mean; never deceived any one, or truckled to party prejudice or popular whim. He was bold and square as a rock: you always knew where to find him, and when. A statesman nearer to the old Roman type of the Fabricii this century has certainly never seen.

END OF THE POLICE DISPUTE.

> "If the Court rules that the State is justified in superseding our police by a force of its own, the Mayor will interpose no objection to the execution of the law so far as it can be executed."—*Harper's Weekly, June* 27.

THE Court of Appeals has ruled that the State Legislature was justified in superseding our police by a State force; and, as we predicted, the Mayor has ceased his opposition, and the law has gone into full effect. It only remains now for all good and honest citizens to give it a fair trial, and to set an example of frank and thorough submission to law.

The disturbances which have taken place since the municipal police were disbanded; the riots which disgraced our National Anniversary; the spirit of blood-thirstiness and violence evinced by a portion of the denizens of the Sixth Ward during the nights of the fourth and fifth; the insolent turbulence of the Irish; all alike point to the paramount necessity of upholding the supremacy of the law in this metropolis, at whatever cost of civic pride or party principle. We hope, therefore, that the persons who felt it their duty to resist to the uttermost the legislative Act for the substitution of a State for our municipal police, so long as that Act could be lawfully resisted, will now rally bodily to the support of the Albany Commissioners, and help them, honestly, fearlessly, like good citizens, to preserve the peace and enforce the laws. The polls are left for those who are dissatisfied with the present state of things; till they are open, submission is the only course open to men of honor and men of sense.

BIG SHIPS.

WE are waiting to hear of the beginning of *our* big ships. Some of our friends have made up their minds that John Bull is going to have a monopoly of ocean navigation, and that Britannia is going to rule the waves in earnest. They point, firstly, to the screw vessels with which England is studding the sea, and next to the *Great Eastern*, which will of course be the monarch of the ocean.

We suspect that our builders have already awakened to the necessity of putting screws into their clippers. There has been some talk about the impossibility of building screw steamers of other material than iron; this is fudge. Iron screw steamers answer; but that is no reason why wooden screw steamers should fail. We believe that the true queen of the seas for these days is a clipper ship with a powerful screw in the stern of her—a craft that will sail 17 to 20 knots with a fair breeze and screw shipped, and that will steam 12 to 15 knots against the wind with bare poles. Such a vessel need no more be built of iron than of johnny-cake. Heart of oak is not obsolete yet.

But where is our big ship? Who is going to give us a rival to the *Great Eastern?* Does nobody speak? If nobody, why let us speak softly when we next have occasion to flourish about American enterprise, and American ingenuity, and American naval triumphs, and our naval progress generally.

NON-CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

IT will be noticed by our news columns that the Fourth was not celebrated this year with the usual *éclat*. There were no fire-works in this city—which was partly due to the weather, and partly to the uncertainty whether, in the event of a great crowd assembling in the Park, the metropolitan police could keep the peace. Philadelphia was equally deficient in pyrotechnic displays; and generally, throughout the country, the celebration was less honored than usual. We hope this is not the beginning of a decline in the good old custom. We are almost a nation of Gradgrinds as it is; every tendency to amusement ought to be encouraged and fostered, every approach to relaxation should be protected, every holiday scrupulously observed, or we shall realize the philosopher of "Hard Times" in the average American. It would be better for us to have four Fourths of July than one. Short-sighted persons object to the waste of money on the Fourth, and old fogies make a great clamor about the noise and fustian, and the occasional rows; but the few thousands that are spent in fire-works and fun on this solitary national holiday, are probably the very best investment that we make for ourselves and for the country.

WHAT WILL THE SURROGATE DO FOR MRS. CUNNINGHAM?

JULY and August will find the City Hall and its adjacent buildings almost deserted by judges and legal functionaries, and green bags will accumulate dust in chambers whose owners have bargained for pleasanter quarters by the sea-side or at watering-places. All the judges will enjoy their leisure except Mr. Surrogate Bradford, who is humanely expected to improve the dog-days by attaining conclusions upon the sanity of Mr. Parish, and upon the validity of the Burdell marriage. Doubtless, wherever his summer retreat may be, the trees will rustle to him of conflicting testimony, and the rippling of waters will remind him of those four days in last week patiently devoted to oratory, before the Fourth of July declared his independence of distinguished advocates.

"What will he do with Mrs. Cunningham?" must remain an absorbing topic for conversation throughout the summer. The popular fever, cooled by the Court of Appeals, will be revived for his autumnal adjudication. And sporting-circles, who mourn that America has no "Derby," or "Oaks," and no "Blink Bonny," wherewith to "odd-or-even," will pocket their losses or gains on the Police controversy, and lay new wagers as to whether Mrs. Cunningham will have her letters of administration, or whether Dr. Burdell's next of kin will win his estate.

We incline to the belief that the Surrogate will deny the claims of the alleged widow. Before the Coroner and the Oyer and Terminer she was on the defensive, but in the Probate Court she has the affirmative of her marriage to establish. Her counsel, in the summing-up, distinctly rested his claim upon the testimony of Miss Augusta Cunningham; and indeed there are only a few collateral circumstances in the case by which the affirmative of the marriage can be shown additionally—such as his acts of friendship and the arrangement of the suits.

On the other side, the next of kin have found material discrepancies and contradictions in the daughter's story. And in weighing these, that rigid maxim of the law, *falsus in uno falsus in omnibus*, is unsparingly applied to the credit of a witness who speaks with reference to any important fact about which he can not, from his personal relations to that fact, be presumed to mistake. Therefore, if the Surrogate find her story destroyed in any one particular, he must, as a sole juror weighing testimony, reject the whole. Miss Cunningham has been twice upon the stand to give her version of the marriage. She has made statements at variance with each other as to the time when it was arranged she should witness the marriage; regarding the reason of its secrecy; respecting what Dr. Burdell said on the subject; in relation to the time of the ceremony; concerning the incidents of the preparations; touching the demeanor of the parties walking home; about the conversation of the bride and groom, and respecting their marital intimacy; regarding the relations of the bride with Mr. Eckel; and of the existence and contents of an alleged lease from the Doctor to her mother. Not satisfied with these self-contradictions, the contestants attack her statements by those of a shopkeeper in whose place the party stopped *en route* to the ceremony; and by half a dozen witnesses (persons living where small events are remembered, and not liable to city confusion), who swear that Dr. Burdell was in Herkimer County, attending to private affairs, at a time when, according to the daughter's story, he was in New York preparing for the marriage. The minister performing the ceremony has given various opinions on the resemblances and identity of the groom; and the point is a strong one that the *Doctor* called alone to arrange for the ceremony, as also to obtain the certificate, while it was *Mrs. Cunningham* who journeyed to Goshen to find a clergyman, and had herself been recommended to Dr. Marvine. The fact is important also, that the name of Burdell was spelled in the certificate with an "e" in place of a "u," which the groom did not notice although reading it carefully over! While the widow says this marriage was the consideration for settling the actions at law, the next of kin point *to a stipulation in the Sheriff's office, signed by Dr. Burdell, that he would not sue Mrs. Cunningham for damages by reason of these suits; and to several papers executed by him after the alleged marriage, dealing with her as a stranger*. Not alone are his subsequent acts at variance with the idea of the marriage, but his declarations contradicting it intensify as the fatal first of February approaches. In fine, while there are a few scattering declarations that may be interpreted as those of a husband, *every act* of his forbids the presumption.

A decision may not be expected before the first week in next October. Whichever side obtains the letters of administration, an appeal to the Supreme Court by the losing party will follow, attended by a trial before a jury, whose members, amidst the conflicting testimony, will most likely divide on a verdict. Perhaps trial after trial will be had, and the only method of cutting the Gordian knot will be some mode of division by compromise, that can, however, only occur when all the minor heirs become of age. But the controversy will exist forever in legal history, and in the polished rhetoric of Mr. Bradford's own reports, as one rivaling in dramatic mystery all preceding ones in Doctors Commons, Consistorial, or Probate Courts.

CHAT.

PACKING UP FOR THE COUNTRY.

EVERY body who is any body is, of course, migrating to the country. The city is out of season; its gilt is wrapped up in sere-cloth, its tapestry sprinkled with camphor; the curtains are taken down, the key turned in the drawing-room; and Fashion, having packed up its trunk, flits away to spread its gorgeous wings of gossamer and crinoline, and buzz its monotone of small-talk first at Saratoga and then at Newport.

This flitting of Fashion, light-winged as she may appear to be, is not so easy a thing after all. Flying away does very well as a figure of speech. With a little stretch of the imagination, and the habitual expansiveness of the female crinoline, it is not difficult to fancy our belles rising some breezy morning from their toilets in the Fifth Avenue, opening the window, sailing away, balloon-wise, over house-top and steeple, and dropping down at Saratoga on the sound of the first gong for dinner. But the baggage! Who would attempt to fly with

THE GREAT SARATOGA TRUNK?

You have looked wonderingly upon our wide-spread beauties; you have attempted to grasp—with your comprehension, we mean—the extent of that enormous periphery of hoop and skirt, and having failed in embracing it within any finite measurement, you have, no doubt, given up the petticoat problem, as no more capable of solution than the squaring of the circle, or any other mathematical impossibility. You behold with wonder, and not without alarm, the female monstrosity as it swells larger and larger; you, with still greater wonder, see it move, and—very much puzzled about the internal machinery—you fancy, perhaps, like the automaton chess-player, it must have some living person inside, however ingeniously hid, to turn the cranks and wheels; you are told it travels, and is to be found here, and there, and every where. You don't believe it! Then go and look at the "Great Saratoga Trunk," at the saddler and trunk-maker's in Broadway, and your doubts may be removed.

The "Great Saratoga Trunk" is not a house; it is only what it pretends to be, a trunk for our fashionable ladies to pack their scores of skirts and dresses in, so that they may have something to wear. The "Great Saratoga Trunk," though not made to live in, might make a comfortable dwelling-place for a man and his wife and a large family of small children. If poor Genevieve had only had the luck to have got into a "Great Saratoga Trunk," she might—instead of being smothered to an early death, and lamented in song and story—have lived to a very respectable and unromantic old age. We have not taken the dimensions of the "Great Saratoga Trunk," but we assure our readers that it is large enough for a Brobdignag wardrobe, and much larger than that veritable historian Gulliver describes his cage to have been in which he was adrift on the sea. A countryman, seeing a porter staggering under an empty one, called loudly for assistance to help a man out, whose house had fallen upon him! Well, with a "Great Saratoga Trunk" all things are possible in the packing way, and Fashion need not, for want of crinoline, fear a collapse, and a reduction to the ridiculous proportions of nature.

THE WOMAN'S HORROR.

There is a great house in the Fifth Avenue, which, with its broad surface of brown-stone, its lofty cornices, its wide windows, and its expansive porch, has the most imposing outward appearance of any of the grand houses in that grand neighborhood. Strangers are puzzled at its aspect: seemingly too big for a private residence, it yet has too quiet an air for a hotel or public institution, although it might possibly pass for a deaf and dumb asylum. The sight of that respectable appurtenance, a waiter, in a black suit and white choker, standing stiff at the door, with a limp napkin hanging on his arm; a glance through the closed shades of the window at a solitary and very respectable-looking old gentleman, with a sombre and distorted face, as it is seen through the net of wire, and the appearance of a cheerless hackney-coach at the corner, generally, however, after the first doubt is over, leave the impression in the mind of the passer-by that the big house is, after all, the dwelling-place of some rich but unfortunate proprietor, who, bereaved of wife and family, has been left to solitary magnificence.

The stranger looks with an eye of sadness at the gloomy mansion, and is almost ready to drop a tear in sympathy with the respectable old gentleman at the front window. Spare your tears, country friends! That big house is the Club-house, especially built and kept up at no small expense to be jolly in; and that melancholy old gentleman has apparently something on his mind to make him sad, only because he has nothing in his stomach to make him comfortable. Why, bless your tender hearts, country friends, he is only waiting for his dinner!

Our city ladies know the place well, and so far from dropping tears as they pass, they never turn up their bright eyes to that respectable old gentleman—whose fierce, carnivorous propensities are subdued to the view of our unsophisticated country cousins by the wire-gauze of the window into the tender aspect of mild melancholy—without shooting a glance of indignation at "the monster who dines at the club on turtle, and leaves his wife and little ones at home to finish the cold mutton."

We have had too much regard for our domestic peace, and have accordingly never joined the club, but under the new regulations by which strangers are now admitted, we have enjoyed the privilege of an occasional *entrée*. And now, fair ladies, you shall have the secret of the club, about which you have been puzzling yourselves so long in vain. It is not to be found in that great reading-room fronting on the Fifth Avenue, where you catch a glance through the wire-gauze of the solitary old gentleman; for we are bound to say that the literature there, with the exception of *Harper's Weekly*, had a remarkably unused and uncut look. The secret of the club is not, therefore, in the reading-room, for you need not go there to find *Harper's Weekly*, which we all know is to be found every where. The secret is not to be found in the billiard-room up stairs, for we have all billiard-rooms at home now. We did not look into the card-room, for strangers are not admitted there; but we knew the secret was not there, for whist is a specialty belonging only to an exceptional class of old fogies, and has nothing to do with a general fact. The secret was not in the company, for that, though highly respectable, was not particularly communicative; and though we caught a glance of the genial face of our American Macaulay, and the philosophical features of the younger statesman of Kinderhook, we were not enlivened by the wit of the one, or informed by the wisdom of the other. The secret of the club is, in fact, in the kitchen. Your husbands and brothers can get there what they can't get at home—a good dinner. They go to the club to eat and drink; and if you want them to stay with you, take care to study Soyer, and learn to feed them well. Let them see more of the pleasures of house-keeping, and hear less of its troubles. Don't give them a poor dinner, and then scold them over it for not going to market. Don't let Bridget put her Irish finger into every thing, but strip off your kid gloves and take hold too, and we will answer for it that you will soon carry the day, and rid yourselves of that "woman's horror"—the Club.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A CRYSTAL PALACE AND A SHOWER OF STONES.

IT is the especial privilege of the New York *Tribune* to make every body laugh when it itself is gravest. It is said that Grimaldi, the great clown, was a hypochondriac; and that, when he once consulted a physician as to the best cure for his melancholy, he was advised by that functionary to go and see Grimaldi. If the editors of the *Tribune* are ever afflicted with the spleen, and seek the aid of a wise physician, I feel assured that they will be recommended to read their own paper.

At present that supposed organ of Freelove and Socialism is engaged in a crusade against an unhappy man named Hazeltine. Hazeltine is the principal of the female Normal school. The Normal school held a "Commencement" the other day at the Academy of Music. The house was crowded, and the proceedings were, I understand, exemplary. I never attend school commencements myself. The reporter of the *Tribune* thought, however, that the proceedings were not exemplary, and accordingly commented on what he conceived to be certain irregularities in the arrangements of the exhibition. This drew forth a moderate, but I regret to say, ill-spelled and ungrammatical letter from the Mr. Hazeltine beforementioned, correcting, or endeavoring to correct, the statements of the great organ of broad-brims and narrow principles. This poor Hazeltine, like many a good man who has gone before him, rushed blindfold into print.

The *Tribune*, who, like the ogre of our childhood, is always lying in wait to devour naughty little boys who don't mind their books, pounces upon poor Hazeltine, and gobbles him up in two mouthsful—I mean, two articles.

The *Tribune* prints Hazeltine's letter; then, in an editorial, foams with indignation over the errors of orthography and grammar into which the unfortunate teacher has fallen. "We pay," says the organ, "this year more than half a million of dollars for teachers' salaries; and is this the sort of thing we get in return? Are the teachers of the city, as a body, such dreary ignoramuses as Mr. Hazeltine? Is he a fair specimen? or is he not above the average? How else happens it that he is selected not merely to instruct children, but to form other teachers?"

This is the gist of the first article on Hazeltine. In the issue of Wednesday, the first of the month, the organ girds up its loins and returns to the charge—catapults, balistæ, chain-shot, and bayonets, in article second; and Hazeltine is smashed! I have nothing to say for him. He spells badly, and writes bad grammar. I leave him on the field of battle.

But if the curious reader will refer to the title of this number of the Man about Town, he will perceive an allusion to a glass house and a shower of stones, which at first may appear mysterious. I will explain. If I were in the habit of writing for the *Tribune*—which I am not—I should commence by saying that individuals residing in edifices constructed of vitreous material should not launch lapidiary particles. As I am a plain practical man, I will merely state that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

The *Tribune* attacked the now defunct Hazeltine on the score of bad grammar. I find much more bad grammar in the *Tribune* than I can discover in Hazeltine's letter. Let us proceed regularly. A mild ungrammatical spirit pervaded the *Tribune's* first article on the school-teacher, but in the second error is rampant. *Allons!*

ERROR I.—ARTICLE I.

> "It is not, therefore, to set ourselves right with Mr. Hazeltine that we give place to his disquisition, but simply to call the attention of the public to the sort of teachers with which the Board of Education deem proper to supply the city."—*Tribune*.

What sort of grammar is this last member of the sentence—"with which the Board of Education deem proper to supply the city"? What do they deem proper? Supposing, instead of "proper," I substitute the word "correct," the sentence reads thus: "with which the Board of Education deem correct to supply the city." What school-boy is there who will not see that the word "it" after the word "deem" is necessary to the perfection of the sentence?

ERROR II.—ARTICLE I.

> "This letter is calculated to bring our whole educational system *into* suspicion."—*Tribune*.

Broad-brimmed grammarian, it is more elegant to bring a man *under* suspicion than into it.

It is, however, in the second article—that being the longest—that the organ displays its bad grammar with the greatest effect.

ERROR I.—ARTICLE II.

> "The writer (Hazeltine) was deficient not merely in the graces of English rhetoric, but in the *exactions* of English grammar."—*Tribune*.

How can a man be deficient in the "exactions" of English grammar? If a person insults me, it is my duty to exact an apology from him. If I don't do so, am I deficient in the exaction of an apology? Broadbrim, I presume, means that Hazeltine was *ignorant of* the exactions of English grammar.

ERROR II.—ARTICLE II.

> "We still regard with reverence the words which can alone fitly convey ideas, *and the accurate collocation of which can alone embody intellectual processes with useful precision*."—*Tribune*.

There's a sentence for you! Johnson could have gotten off nothing finer. If, O portentous Broadbrim, accurate collocations of words alone embody intellectual processes, what fools you and I are ever to think of trying to have any ideas when we write! All we want is to learn the grammatical mechanism necessary for the production of accurate collocations, and straightway we find ourselves as humorous as Dickens and as trenchant as Thackeray. A gentleman whose name—Babbage—is well known to all scientific men, once invented a machine which, by an accurate collocation of Latin words, turned out Latin verses by the yard. If such collocation *alone* embodies intellectual processes, then the machine of Mr. Babbage can supply all the literary wants of the age. I confess myself I think it might write better editorials than those of the *Tribune*.

ERROR III.—ARTICLE II.

> "The want (of grammatical elegance or correctness) is *permeating*, and, in all the departments of education, almost fatal to usefulness."—*Tribune*.

Can a *want* be permeating? Is not the act of permeating an active physical process? Can we say that a vacuum permeates? A want is the non-existence of something desired. Can we say, therefore, that nothing permeates something? There is an infinite deal of nothing "permeating" this *Tribune* article, but the case is scarcely analogous.

ERROR IV.—ARTICLE II.

> "We think we can see why it is eminently fit and proper that a verb should agree with its nominative *case* in number and person."—*Tribune*.

Mark the elegant satire of Broadbrim! He thinks it eminently proper that a verb should do so-and-so. What if I should ask Broadbrim what the nominative case of a verb is? I am somewhat acquainted with the conjugations of verbs in five languages, and I never found a nominative case yet among any of them. B. B. says "its nominative *case*" distinctly. That a verb should agree with its nominative, is what you must have meant, O Broadbrim!

ERROR V.—ARTICLE II.

> "If the established system were different, we could easily theorize about a school in which unlettered teachers would be useful either as nurses, monitors, or *gymnics*."—*Tribune*.

Where did Broadbrim get that word gymnic? Gymnic, taking Webster as authority—an authority which Broadbrim must acknowledge—is an adjective, and becomes a noun only in the plural, when it means *the feats performed by gymnasts*. It strikes me, Broadbrim, that before you smashed Hazeltine so terribly you might as well have been sure of your own dictionary knowledge! Broadbrim, "gymnast" was handy and correct, why did you not use it?

In later issues of the same worthy paper I find still more singular blunders, which I will place before my readers in a less formal manner than those which have been previously enumerated. In the issue of Thursday, July 2, I find the following remarkable passage:

> "They (England and Russia) separated with hostile feelings which neither cared to dissemble, and at present their long intimacy *and* friendly intercourse is superseded," etc.

The two words in italics spare me the necessity of any comment.

I extract the following enigma from the issue of Friday, July 3:

> "A train over the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, while crossing the trestle work twelve miles west of Marietta yesterday morning, one car was thrown off the track and fell a distance of fifty-three feet, and was smashed to pieces."

I have written by this mail to Major Rawlinson, the well-known decipherer of Asiatic hieroglyphics, to beg that he will forthwith furnish a solution to the above.

The following illustration of antipodical paragraphing in the same paper is a splendid specimen of ground and lofty tumbling:

> "From Minnesota we have St. Paul dates to the 26th ult. All the returns had been received, and *The Times* sums up the Constitutional Convention as politically divided—Republicans, 59; Democrats, 43. But this gives the four disputed members from the St. Anthony District to the Republicans, *reversing which* would reduce the Republicans to 55, and increase the Democrats to 47."

Reversing what? Does the *Tribune* mean to reverse the four disputed members?

So much for my "Comedy of Errors." Broadbrim, I have no doubt, will be startled to find the stone with which he slew the Normal School Goliath rattling through the windows of his house of glass.

Broadbrim, however, astonishes me by some admissions which he makes in the course of his article. He says, speaking always of verbs—he is evidently fond of verbs, and no doubt can repeat that learned conjugation commencing "Amo, Amas, I love a lass," all through without stopping. He says:

> "There is a religion in the intricacies of the subjunctive mood."

I confess I never expected to find the *Tribune* acknowledging that there was a religion in any thing, but, for the sake of humanity, I am delighted to find at last that the gospel of that supposed Atheistical organ is the subjunctive mood. The *Tribune* editor, of course, has a private chapel erected to Lindley Murray, before whose image he burns incense. The reporters serve mass, I suppose, out of the Grammar, and confess once a week to the Chief Priest their little sins in regard to nouns and participles. I am afraid that Broadbrim had to cry *mea culpa* many times after having published his articles on Hazeltine.

Farther on, with a *naiveté* that is absolutely refreshing in so tremendous a grammarian, he makes the following admission:

> "Two reasons have induced us to speak thus at length of the grammatical ignorance which so many teachers exhibit. *The first is suggested by the general tone of our observations.*"

There's candor for you! There's honesty! Bravo, Broadbrim! After all, when you came to read over what you had written against this poor Hazeltine, you began to think, Well, *I* am just as bad as he is, after all. *I* am a teacher of the public, and yet I can't write a column of commonplace matter without making a dozen errors. Hazeltine is wrong, but so am I. Therefore I'll just own up myself, and that will take the sting out of the article. Broadbrim, there is more generosity in you than I ever could have fancied emanating from a cold-water-and-no-property establishment.

I can not very well defend Mr. Hazeltine. But I must protest against a man who does not know how to write English taking that person to task for his grammatical errors. The pot should really not reproach the kettle with being sooty. It is wasted sarcasm.

If I possessed a hat wide enough to do Broadbrim honor, I would doff it in saying farewell.

PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—This has been a very stupid week, although Madame La Grange and Co. are endeavoring to enliven us by their last dying notes. I have doubts in my own mind whether it will really prove to be the swan-song to which we are listening. There is something very odd in our Opera arrangements. What is the reason none of them ever succeed? More incomprehensible still, why is it that they always fix upon such obviously unsuitable periods to commence a "star engagement?" The early part of the autumn, when the country is most beautiful—when every body who can be enjoying it is enjoying it—when New York is at its most desolate and dreary moments—this is the time invariably chosen to attempt a "brilliant season" with some far-famed foreign *prima donna*. Year after year it has been tried and failed; yet again, I see, we are threatened with another effort, in order to bring out the charming Madame Frezzolini. Can these musical *entrepreneurs* never learn by experience? This September, no doubt, will be just as warm as usual; and who cares to spend the feverish evenings packed in a hot theatre? Where is the use of these marvelous creatures making their *début* before us at such a time? What is the result? The artists are disgusted with the vacant benches and total absence of audience; they become careless and indifferent; the effect of the whole is a complete *fiasco*; and then people wonder that the Opera never succeeds!

But indeed it never will succeed while we hearers have nowhere to sit. Never was a theatre built with so much discomfort in it. I say nothing about half the seats being out of view of the stage; I am speaking simply of the cramped and disagreeable chairs, none of which can be reached without disturbing every body near; and when once in, how is it possible to get out again? To enjoy music, or any thing else, one wants to feel at ease, and to be able to move one's limbs during the evening. As to our skirts and hoops! what becomes of them, I don't know; only I do know I always return home with a severe cramp in my knees, and several bruises at the elbow, from knocking against the persons next to me. Will a place of amusement so arranged ever become popular? It is impossible. Our flounces alone forbid it.

I sacrificed myself and my costume in this manner by going the other evening to "assist," as the French say, at the opening night of this little bit of a season. No human being who has ears can ever be tired of the music of "I Puritani," but I must own I am getting dreadfully weary of the "effective troupe" at present performing it.

I am tired of prima donnas who are neither young nor handsome. I go to theatres to have my eyes gratified, and I do think no woman who is not good-looking has any business whatever on the stage. Why are they *never* of a proper size? Either so enormously fat and bulky that their *entrée* alone gives an air of improbability to half the characters they represent, or else they are so painfully scraggy that every illusion of grace and youth is entirely destroyed. I am tired of these thin creatures without voices. I do *not* go to the Opera to study anatomy, and I think their parts might be as well performed with something up to the neck, as with their clavicles so relentlessly exposed. I have no objection whatever to pass an evening looking at pretty shoulders. There is nothing I admire more, but I do not feel satisfied with gazing on the substructure alone. Why is my sex so careless on this subject? Can any thing be more unpleasant than *bones?* If the shoulders are not fit to be seen, for Heaven's sake cover them; but to go about *decolletée* when the display makes one retreat, is rather bad policy, I think. Besides, it is very undramatic, and actresses should be more on their guard. Think of a lover sighing to rest his head on the upper part of a skeleton! It is improbable, to say the least.

I am tired, too, of those long thin throats, that merely throw off sky-rockets. These vocal gymnastics can only be interesting when they are perfect, and without error or shortcoming of any kind; but when a *tour de force* is manifestly only a *tour de weakness*, it had better be left alone. What do I care about Madame So-and-so reaching up to F in alto, if she doesn't sing with a little sweetness and tenderness when she comes down again? I like a few steadily-sustained notes sometimes, devoid of this eternal tremor; and, what is more, I should be truly thankful for a voice (no—*organ* is the fashionable word nowadays), I should be very thankful for an *organ* young enough to have some tone, and to be able to sing in tune. I am tired of the same gestures in every *rôle*, and the same turning up of eyes to the audience, with the chief part of the expression discharged full at the press-gang in the pit—the critics in the parquette, I mean. I wish Messrs. the managers would give us something else.

Then look at the tenors! Why *must* they always stand with their feet so far apart? and why *must* they portray all kinds of emotion by bending the hips up and down, as if they were about to sit, but suddenly remembered there was no chair to receive them? The much-loved Benedetti had precisely this graceless trick, and Mr. Brignole seems to have caught just that little rag of his mantle, for he practices it continually, and with singular perseverance and dexterity. He adds to this reminiscence of his predecessor by treating us to similar bursts of ill-temper and ill-breeding—not the fury pertaining to his parts, remember, but public displays of private spasms, which would be very well indeed, if they were only artificial and came in in the right places. Now a tenor must be very, *very* first-rate, you know, before an audience will put up with his irritability. Why must that range of voice generally belong to a snub nose, and such black-looking muzzles? Indeed, the pug-dog kind of physiognomy prevails so generally among them, that when a handsome tenor like Mario is actually found alive, it is no wonder eccentric ladies lose their dignity in openly pursuing him, when even we sensible women can not refrain from adoring him in secret.

Then for the *bassos*. Pray tell me why are they so very large round the waist? Lablache, perhaps, has been the cause of this. Because he happened to be literally a Leviathan of song, other *bassos* think it indispensable to their position to encourage that kind of figure. I suppose they think it is the best adapted to their pursuit, and instead of cultivating their voices, they sit still and fatten themselves, like so many Turkish ladies, for the market. Now, as people don't happen to sing with the stomach, the advantages of this *physique* are not apparent. So far from appreciating it, it seems to me these porpoise-like forms should be concealed from the public eye, and only allowed to sing behind a curtain. They are admirable, of course, for pantomime, burlesque, or a museum of monstrosities, but are hardly so well adapted for the serious and pathetic drama.

I therefore demand for the general entertainment another and a different soprano, handsome if possible, but at least with a voice, and some flesh on her bones.

Also a tenor who will keep his legs quiet when he is not walking, and who will show his dramatic force in some other way than by getting black in the face.

Likewise, a *basso* of moderate dimensions, if possible. If not within that limit, he is requested to wear drapery of sufficient length and fullness to cover the conspicuous and rotund parts of his figure.

Last, but by no means least, seats are required large enough for ladies to occupy with ease and grace. How can we look pretty when we are packed like sardines in a box? Now, if a manager would be good enough to carry a *basso* into the auditorium (I believe that is the word, isn't it?—I am sure I never used it before), and take the trouble to *measure by him*, we should all be comfortably provided for, and I, for one, should be eternally grateful. Let them take Mr. Amodio, for instance, I doubt if he could be better employed, and make use of him as indicated, and we should all feel the benefit of the gauge.

Yours always,

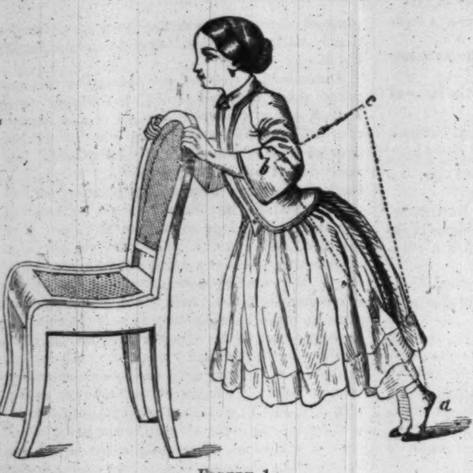


Figure 1.

HOME EXERCISES.

It has happily become almost unnecessary to prove to Americans the great benefits resulting to mind as well as body from regular physical exercise. It is only, however, within a few years that gymnastic and calisthenic exercises have found a place on the school programmes of our best educational institutions. And most writers on hygiene are content to insist on the necessity of such exercises for the proper *development* of the physical and mental powers, to great extent losing sight of the fact that their pursuit is quite as necessary to preserve in healthful condition the matured powers of body and mind as it was to aid in their proper and graceful development.

If young girls while at school have practiced calisthenics, they almost invariably lay this aside with their studies, and, on entering into social life as young ladies, cease those exercises which have aided so materially in making them the graceful, rosy, buoyant beings they are, or ought to be.

It is a truth not to be denied, and to which the short duration of the health and beauty of American ladies bears sorrowful witness, that these healthful exercises should be continued regularly by all whose pursuits do not otherwise necessitate the needful health-giving stimulus of blood and muscles. The employments of American women, especially of those resident in cities, are so entirely sedentary, that they do continual violence to the laws of nature; and it is only surprising that we see so much of happy health as we do among our female friends.

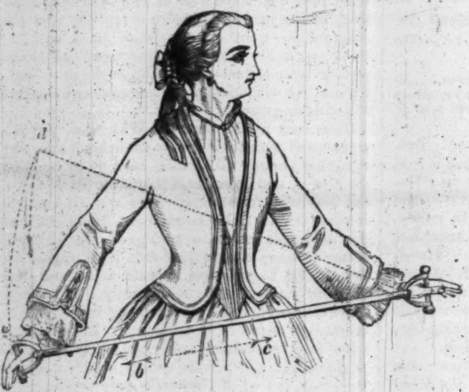


Figure 3.

Many doubtless feel the necessity for calisthenic exercises, but think themselves unable to spare the time; and urge farther the impossibility of attending public institutions if such were in existence, and the impracticability of finding room in a house of moderate dimensions for the paraphernalia of a gymnasium.

As regards the question of time, we shall only say here that exercise is quite as necessary to health as personal cleanliness; and as ladies find time for the bath, and the multifarious duties and pleasures of the toilet, so can they make time for the daily calisthenic exercises. That which may be begun as a duty will very soon become a pleasure-giving habit, which will no more be omitted than any other necessary attention paid to the body.

As for space, and preliminary preparations necessary to be provided in order that the ladies and female children of a family may have the proper degree of daily exercise, all that is needed is the usual sitting-room and the following articles: A stout broad-backed chair; a stout movable roller, fitted into brass sockets neatly fixed in the door lintels about three inches below the top of the door; a light mattress; a light round staff four and a half feet in length, and half an inch in diameter; a set of light dumb-bells; a set of battle-doors and shuttle-cocks; and an Armstrong's chest-expander. Which outfit may be obtained for about ten dollars or less, and can be stowed away out of sight in any closet.

The sitting-room will be the scene of operations. Premising that most of the exercises which space permits us to denote here are intended to strengthen the chest and abdomen, we will begin by calling attention to Figure 8. Let the person exercising assume a horizontal position; then, extending the arms above the head, raise herself slowly to a sitting posture, as from *b* to *a*. In a similar manner, without moving the lower part of the body, extending the arms as in Figure 8, permit the body to glide slowly from *a* to *b*. Draw a deep breath before each repetition of this movement, as this will contribute materially to the purpose of the exercise, which is to strengthen the muscles of the chest, back, and abdomen. If you have a companion, let her hold your knees firmly, and then, extending your hands, as in Figure 8, you can practice the circular motion denoted by *e d*, in which only the upper portion of the person is to be moved. This is to be performed first from right to left, then from left to right.

A farther extension of the same principle is the chair exercise, as shown in Figure 1. Resting the person upon the hands and feet, move it slowly from the position *b a* to *c a*. This will expand the chest and strengthen the abdominal muscles greatly. It should be used moderately at first, but repeated daily or at regular intervals.

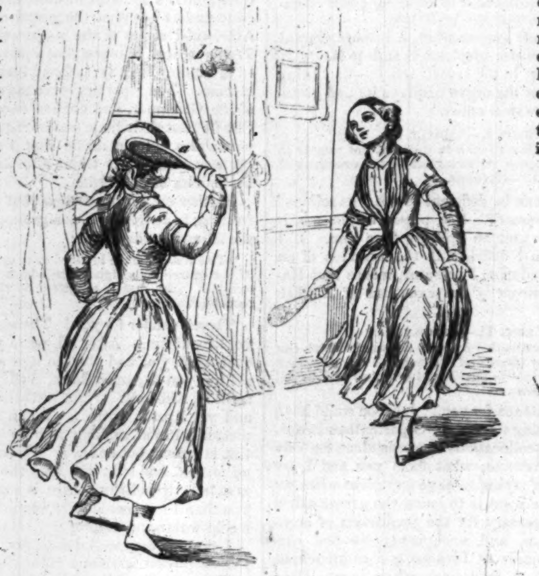


Figure 4.

The roller exercise is shown in Figure 7. Besides swinging by the hands, which will bring into play nearly every muscle of the body, the hands should be moved while swinging the body from side to side. Thus, with practice, the hand grasp may be changed to *a*, to *b*, to *c*, and to *d*, and back.

With the staff a number of easy and graceful movements may be performed; all of which tend to strengthen the muscles of the shoulders and the vertebral column, and remedy or prevent the deformity known as round shoulders, at the same time expanding the chest. The chief of these exercises is that shown in Figure 6. The staff is loosely held, the hands being placed about a foot from each end. The body, and more especially the head, must be motionless. The right hand is then raised, first breast high; then to the top of the head; then brought over, so as to hold the staff at *a*; and, lastly, lowered so as to bring the staff on line *c*. In other four motions it is brought back to its first position. The left hand will be used to perform similar motions. This, as well as all other exercises, will be found most beneficial if the performance is divided as above specified, and gone through in regularly-timed succession.

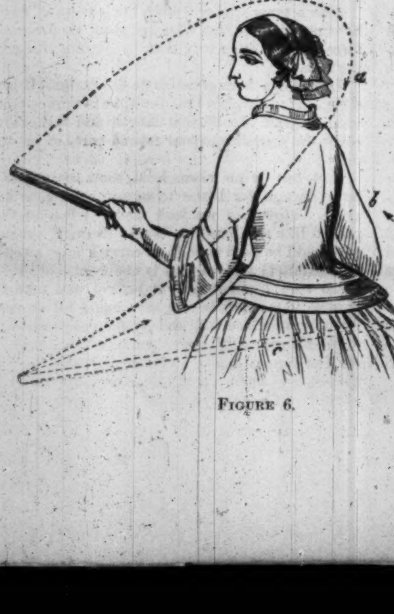


Figure 6.

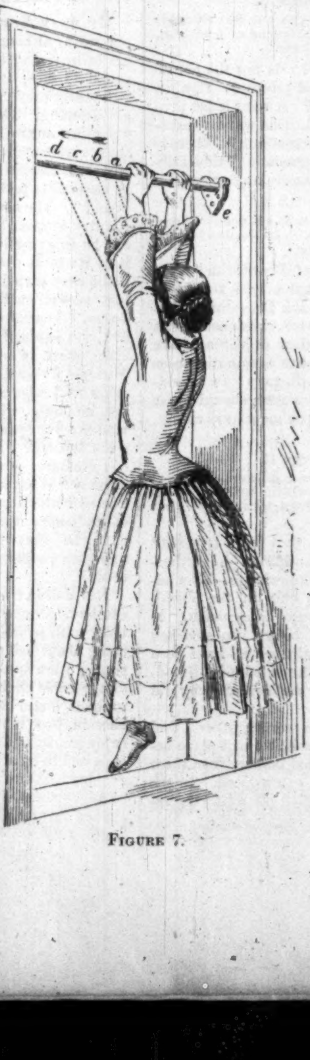


Figure 7.

Dumb-bells may weigh from two to four pounds each. They are excellent for expanding the chest, and strengthening all the muscles of the arms, the chest, the abdomen, and the back. In Figure 2 several useful exercises are denoted. The first consists in the alternate extension and drawing back of the arms, as from *a* to *b*. A second motion is from *b*, with arm fully extended, describing a semicircle along the line *b c*. The arms should be kept entirely clear of the body. The same motion is performed with arms drawn in, as from *d* to *c*.

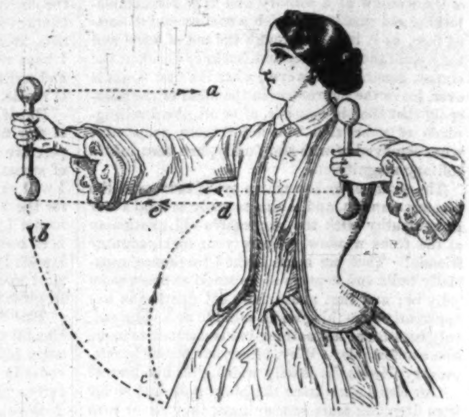


Figure 2.

Another series are the circular motions shown in Figure 5. Starting from the points *a*, the dumb-bells meet half way, both before and behind, the body being held as stiffly as possible. Also, the swing from *a*, in the direction of *b* and back, will be found of use.

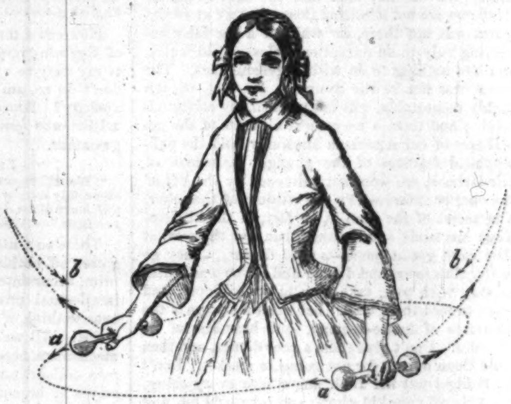


Figure 5.

Armstrong's chest-expander is an India rubber strap, one and a half inch long and one quarter of an inch thick, fitted with convenient handles, as seen in Figure 3. The first exercise is shown in our engraving. The arms are extended along the body, and the strain is in the directions *b* and *c*. When the strap is extended as far as the strength of the arms makes it possible, it should be retained in that position for the space of a minute. As a farther exercise, either hand may then be moved up and down along the line *a d*. A second form of this exercise is obtained by holding the arms out horizontally from the body, and then expanding them as far as the strength of the muscles can overcome the resistance of the India rubber. In a third, the arms are held straight above the head. The last two require more strength than the first, and may follow, after the first motion has been practiced some time. They will prove highly beneficial.

The game of battle-door and shuttle-cock may be engaged in by one, two, or any given number of persons. It necessitates various active movements of every part of the body and limbs, and will be found, if practiced daily, to have a very beneficial effect, not only upon the physical health, but also upon the spirits of the persons engaging therein. See Figure 4.

We have here given a series of exercises which may be graduated so as to benefit females of every age and condition of health, which are easy of performance, occasion no undue commotion in the house, take up no otherwise needed space for apparatus, and will be found pleasant—particularly if practiced by a party of three or four persons—and tending greatly to increase a graceful development and carriage of the body, and the general good health and genial spirits of those engaging therein.

There is no good reason why such exercises should not be introduced in every family throughout the Union. There *is* a certainty that, when regularly performed, the health and happiness of the ladies will be lastingly benefited, and their years of usefulness lengthened. What is lost in time will be more than saved in doctors' bills. Those, however, who have the inclination will readily find time.

Where a small party of three or four persons undertake these exercises together, it will be found an excellent plan to have a piano or other musical accompaniment. This will enliven the motions, and make a real pleasure of that which many will for a time look upon as somewhat of a laborious duty. Any simple and regular melody will be found suitable as an accompaniment. Those exercising should take turns in playing upon the instrument.

The space accorded to us here permits us merely to call attention to this subject. To those who feel sufficient interest in it, we can recommend the perusal of Miss Catharine Beecher's "Physiology and Calisthenics," in which volume they will find the subject of physical exercise treated in a thorough and practical manner.

The urgent necessity of physical exercise can not be too strongly insisted upon. The physical deterioration of the Americans, as a people, is remarked upon by almost every traveler who comes among us. Many blame it upon our climate, which is said to be more exhausting than that of any other country tenanted by civilized people. But the main cause all who have properly investigated the matter know to be the unnatural life led by the greater part of our ladies. In no country in the civilized world do the women of the wealthier classes idle away so much time in amusements positively injurious; nowhere do children show so strongly the effects of the physical neglects of parents.

Will not our American fashionable ladies set a good example, and thus place the practice of "Home Calisthenics" upon a permanent footing in American households?

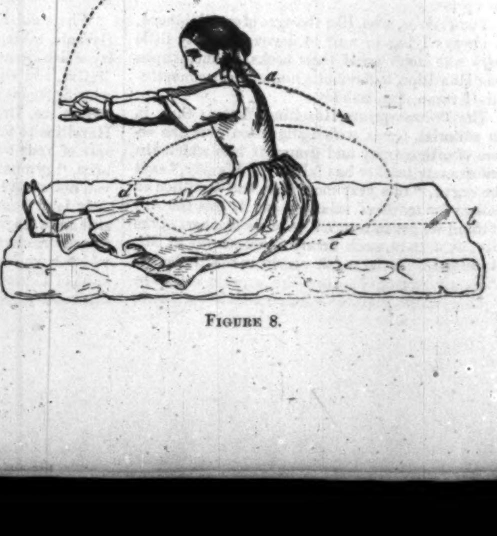


Figure 8.

BETHANY.

"We went over the crest of the Mount of Olives. You know that Bethany lies but a short walk from Jerusalem—perhaps two miles—on the eastern slope of the hills which are called the Mount of Olives. I was here once with a friend, who used to say that that walk is the saddest and the holiest walk on all this earth. How often trodden by those weary feet that bore our heavy load! Morning and evening, going out and coming in to the city, He passed this way. On it He bade the fig-tree wither; on it He mounted the ass's colt for His only triumphal march on earth; at the one extremity of it was the home of Mary and Martha and the tomb of Lazarus, at the other the Cross and Tomb; and somewhere along it is the dust He shook from His feet on the earth that had rejected Him, as He ascended to His throne. Sad and sublime path from Jerusalem to Bethany! Above it angels hover forever, worshiping the tears that dropped all along it from the sad eyes of the Man of Sorrows."—*Travel Notes in Bible Lands, Harper's Weekly, June 27.*

YET hath the crime-cursed earth a place
Most holy in believers' eyes,
Near to a tarrying-place of Him
Who summoned Lazarus from the skies,
When Martha's cares and Mary's sobs
Were soothed to hear those sweet replies—
"He is not dead who sleepeth here!
Come forth, my brother! Friend, appear!"

A simple hamlet trembling hangs
Upon the Mount of Olives' slope,
The Bethany of the Saviour's day—
Our Bethany of Love and Hope—
Whose wondrous mem'ries reign o'er grots
Where starving Turks for plunder grope,
And knavish monks to falsehood sell
Familiar haunts *He* loved so well!

Still in the valley Kedron flows,
Where knelt the Twelve in holy mien;
Where still the almond and the vine
O'erhang the paths where Christ hath been;
Where still the Moab mountains throw
Soft shadows on the Passion scene—
Shadows that clothe in purple haze
The far expanse which Jordan bathes.

There is the dust *His* sandals kissed;
There were *His* feet with ointment spread;
There were the pompous Jews rebuked,
When vaunting fig-leaves withered;
And there Ascension's moments felt
His last terrestrial, carnate tread,
While angels whispered to the "Eleven:"
'Why gaze ye here? *He* is in heaven!"

There, journeying toward the Temple thieves,
His road was one of triumph palms,
When, clasping branches in their hands,
His fond disciples chanted psalms,
And raised hosannas which the page
Of inspiration yet embalms,
To swell a chorus earth prolongs,
From pole to pole, in Sabbath songs!

The elder curse on Eden laid
Still scorches its primeval sod;
That later woe Jerusalem heard
Yet scourges her with chastening rod—
But Bethany unchanged survives,
Protected by the Son of God;
For, Desolation's hand hath spared
The fields whose bounty *He* had shared.

The Pilgrim Christian may not find,
While roaming over land and sea,
More worthy homage for his soul
Than when he kneels in sight of thee,
Thou tarrying-place of Martha's friend,
Amid the cliffs of Bethany!
Thrice happy they who journey there,
By Mary's home, to bow in prayer!

Thus while it clingeth to the Mount
Where Love and Sorrow drank their fill,
Let Christian Worship, pondering o'er
Each ray of hope, each miracle
Beheld by thee, meek Bethany!
Cling closer to the Zion hill—
And though engirt with crime and woe,
The steadfast gaze to Heaven throw.

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

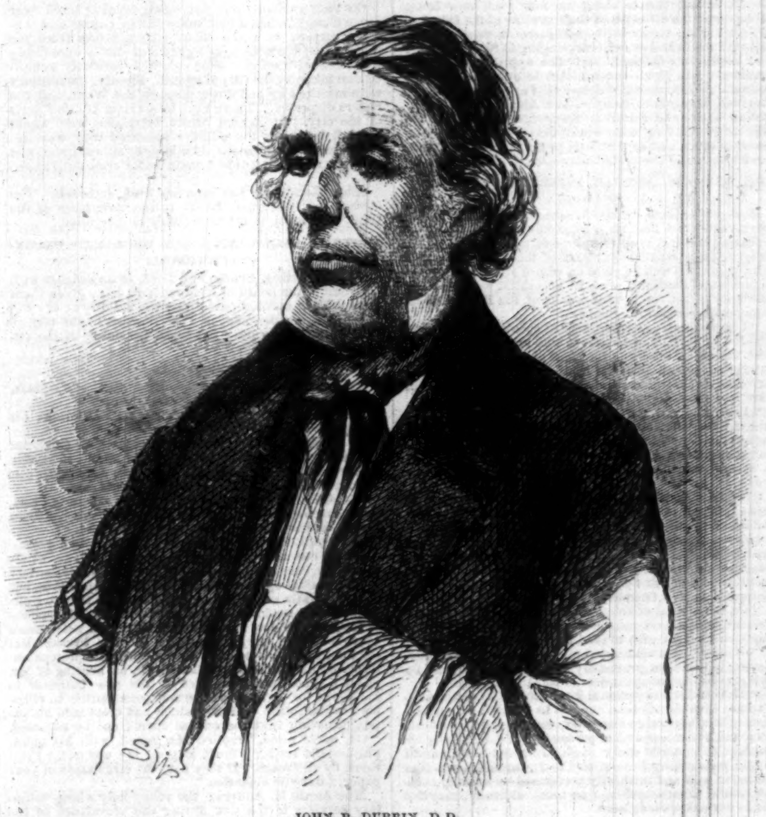
IT is now rather more than twelve years since we first saw and heard Dr. Durbin. From the newspapers we had learned that on the succeeding Sabbath he was to occupy the pulpit of the Greene Street Methodist Church. Anxious to enjoy the long-coveted privilege of hearing a man who had so high a reputation as a pulpit orator, we repaired at an early hour to the church, but on arrival found it already crowded to almost its utmost capacity.

There were men present belonging to various denominations. There were theological students, ministers, lawyers, professors, and literary men, thickly sprinkled through the congregation; and right before us, the "old Rabbi," the hero of "Palestine Researches," with sturdy frame and heavy features.

We had never heard Dr. Durbin described, and had in our mind a person somewhat more in accordance with his colossal fame as an orator than was the slight, unpretending figure of the speaker who presently arose, and in a peculiar, drawling tone gave out the hymn. "Are we sold?" we whispered to a friend, remembering that once before, during the session of the Conference, we had been victimized by the substitution of an ordinary speaker for some distinguished man who had been advertised to speak. We felt an impulse to arise and leave the assemblage, but finally determined to stay and listen.

The hymn was given out, the prayer offered up, the preliminary passages of Scripture duly read, the text announced, even part of the subject-matter of the sermon unfolded, and yet we were in doubt. "Is it really Dr. Durbin?" we asked ourselves, seeing the congregation listening in rapt expectancy. Just then he began to relate an anecdote. It was simple, but deeply affecting. Many an eye around us was bathed in tears. We listened as, with admirable art, the speaker applied it. It was like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." He had evidently touched a popular chord, and it vibrated at his touch. From that moment, to the close of a sermon which continued for nearly an hour longer, we could not discern a listless countenance in the congregation—indeed, we were little disposed to search for one. Alternate bursts of sublimity and pathos kindled now to admiration, and then to tears. Rarely have we seen an assembly so still and solemn. The voice of the speaker had risen to a more earnest, though scarcely impetuous tone, and could be heard in every corner of the house. His features were suffused with a glow of life and feeling; and when, after a thrilling application, he closed the Bible, we were in no mood for criticism. We had no longer any doubt as to who was the speaker. We felt that it could be none other than Dr. Durbin himself.

Dr. Durbin is eminently a self-taught, self-made man. Born in October, 1800; enjoying, to the age of fourteen, only the commonest privileges of a district school in Bourbon County, Kentucky; his father a farmer in moderate circumstances, and his household library consisting merely of the Bible, Scott's First Lessons, and an old English History, ranged on the old-fashioned mantlepiece—commencing at an early age his apprenticeship of three years in a cabinet-maker's shop, and working for one year at his trade—we find him at the premature age of eighteen a member of the Western Conference, and commencing his labors as a pioneer and preacher in Ohio and Indiana. The circumstances that had thus led him to engage in the work of the ministry were peculiar. While working at his trade he became seriously impressed; and at length, after some doubts, suggested by the experience of an associate, widely differing from his own, more thoughtfully calm and quiet, he ventured to rejoice in a Christian's hope. The Saviour's love possessed his soul, and moulded all his thoughts and purposes. Still he had no thought of becoming a preacher. He had not yet even united with the Church. His grandfather—a pioneer of Methodism in Kentucky—said to him one day, "John, are you not concerned about preaching the Gospel?" The idea struck him with electric force. It surprised—startled him. It was like a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. Taking counsel of that early Apostle of the West, Rev. Benjamin Lakin, he joined the Church one week, and during the next procured a recommendation to the Quarterly Conference, by whom, a week later, he was licensed, and sent to Limestone Circuit. Next year, on the division of the Conference, he was sent to the region in the northwestern corner of Ohio, where, among primeval forests through which the Indians still roved, some one hundred members of the Methodist Church were scattered over a wilderness circuit of some two hundred miles.



JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D.

It was now that his education began in earnest. The cabin, with its single room for chapel, parlor, kitchen, dining-room, and chamber for the household, was his study. Dr. Clarke's Commentary, which he found in numbers at the house of an old German on his circuit, furnished him a textbook. Borrowing the numbers in succession, two at a time, he slipped them into a small tin canister, which he lashed behind his saddle, and thus took them with him on his circuit. When his preaching service was over, he sat down in the midst of the family with whom he put up, to take notes on his Commentary. The Pentateuch and New Testament were thus carefully gone over. Then Wesley's and Fletcher's works fell into his hands. These he mastered, reading them on winter evenings by the fire-light of pine knots and dry wood, heaped up by the children of the family, who "used to wonder at him as a living marvel."

The next year finds him in Indiana. At the instance of his colleague, Rev. James Collard, long the printer of the Methodist Book Concern, New York, he began the study of English grammar. The rules he committed to memory, and the examples he read—as Mr. Wesley did most of his reading—on horseback. Toward the close of the year another friend advised him to study Latin and Greek, and gave him a grammar or two. Diligently did he pursue his studies, and right welcome to him was the privilege of the station soon assigned him at Hamilton, twelve miles from the Miami University. The weeks from Monday to Friday evening were spent at the institution, and Saturday was devoted to preparation for the pulpit. Thus, with untiring industry, he pursued his course of study; and after occupying one or two successive stations was admitted, while a member of the Cincinnati Conference, to the Cincinnati College, with the personal countenance of Dr. Ruter and the late President Harrison. Here he finished his collegiate course, and received the degree of A.M.

Soon after, he received the appointment of Professor of Languages in Augusta College, Kentucky. Much of his time was devoted to traveling, in the double purpose of recruiting his health and collecting funds for the institution. In this way his fame reached the Eastern cities. In 1829 he was nominated as chaplain of the Senate of the United States, and failed of being elected only by the casting vote of Mr. Calhoun, which the latter afterward regretted. In 1831 he was again a candidate, without his knowledge, and was elected by a large vote. His sermon in the Capitol, on the one hundredth birth-day of General Washington, was a masterly effort. The Western members, especially, had felt solicitous for the result, as the slender form of the preacher appeared in the Speaker's desk. But at the close of the service their solicitude was turned to congratulation. "I advise you," said Governor Wicliff, of Kentucky, as he took him by the hand, "never to preach again, if you have regard to your reputation. You can never see such another day as this, and I doubt whether you can do such another deed as you have done to-day." The preacher bowed and was silent; but such advice could not well accord with the convictions of one who could say, "I believed, and therefore have I spoken."

Since that period of his chaplaincy Dr. Durbin has occupied a variety of positions. For a short time, in 1832, he was Professor of Natural Sciences in Wesleyan University, from which post he was elected to the editorship of the *Christian Advocate and Journal*. In 1834 he was called, without being aware that his election was contemplated, to the Presidency of Dickinson College. Relinquishing his salary for eighteen months, during 1842–'3, he visited Europe and the East, his "Observations" upon which were successively published two or three years later, and attained high popularity. He was a member of the Methodist General Conference of 1844, and took a prominent and highly creditable part in the great struggle which resulted in a division of the Church. His speech in reply to Bishop Soule, and the rejoinder to the protest of the Southern party, are notable evidences of his power in the Methodist General Conference. In 1845 he resigned his Presidency, and, as Presiding Elder, took charge of the Philadelphia stations. In 1850 he was unanimously elected Missionary Secretary, in place of Dr. Pitman, a post which he still occupies with great ability and usefulness. He is also an honored member of several learned and scientific societies.

Dr. Durbin has shown himself fully equal to the various stations which he has been called to occupy, and is as distinguished for executive ability as he is for power in the pulpit. His equal in the difficult post of Missionary Secretary it would not be easy to find. For the last six years the many improvements which have been made in the workings of that body have been suggested almost altogether by him.

His style in preaching is pre-eminently pleasant. He charms by the entire self-possession with which he proceeds with his discourse, and the pleasant conversational manner and tone which he adopts. He has a large knowledge of men as well as books. His remarkable sagacity has not failed to turn to profit the fruits of his extensive observation. In touching the chords of the human heart he is a consummate master. No metaphysical cobwebs hang a vail over his clear and searching vision. He knows how to deal with matters in detail as well as in masses. He is always ready; and rarely does the occasion arise that finds him unprepared to meet it. What he has to say comes forth fresh from the mint of thought, extempore in form, but not in matter, which has evidently passed through the furnace, and undergone the refining process. Although emphatically a ready speaker, he possesses the more enduring elements of popularity. His command of language is wonderful. With perfect ease, and seemingly without the consciousness of an effort, the most fit and appropriate expressions flow from his lips. The attack of an opponent can not take him off his guard, nor is he to be surprised by an unexpected call or an unforeseen accident.

In conversation, especially on slight acquaintance, Dr. Durbin is at first reserved. He opens to conversational familiarity much as he progresses to the force and fire of his sermons—as if he were somewhat cautiously feeling his way. But at length he becomes genial and communicative, nor need the flow of conversation flag when he pours out facts, incidents, and observations that have been gathered in the ample treasure-house of memory, or pertinent reflections and suggestions which are the rich fruits of sagacious and careful thought.

By some who must be regarded as the best judges in the denomination to which he belongs, Dr. Durbin has been elevated to the rank of their foremost pulpit and platform speaker—the post so long conceded to the late Dr. Olin. Certainly in that singular combination of various powers, which makes him the man available for any sphere or any occasion, we know not where to look for his superior. He is yet in the vigorous maturity of his manhood. May he long survive, to promote by his efficient efforts that sacred cause to which he so early devoted his life.

His career, as we have briefly recorded it, is singularly instructive. He belongs to that class of self-made men of whom the late Hugh Miller was one, and Roger Sherman, with his awl in his hand and his Latin Grammar at his side, was another—noble examples of self-relying energy crowned with success, to inspire kindred spirits with the zeal of their prototypes. We love to associate the triumphs of the pulpit orator with the hours of the winter evenings when, by the light of blazing pine-knots, those processes of thought were conducted, or those treasures of knowledge accumulated, which laid the foundation of future success. Our sympathies gather around the brave soul, grappling manfully with obstacles, and wrestling its way upward to a fame alike durable and fairly earned; and we involuntarily find ourselves cheering him onward to his goal. His example is a cheering one to humble toilers after knowledge; his name a watchword of success to those who are determined to win it.

LITERARY.

THE ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES, Translated, with Notes, etc., *by Charles Raun Kennedy.* 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume contains the Olynthiac and other Orations; the second those on the Crown and on the Embassy. The translator's notes and the chronological abstract of events during the life of Demosthenes add especially to the value of a translation celebrated for its spirited accuracy. These volumes are in continuation of "Harper's Classical Library," which forms the cheapest and most elegant collection of translations of the great writers of antiquity within the reach of American readers. They should be in every house; for while scholars will enjoy the splendor of the original, as scholars in future centuries will enjoy our Milton and Shakspeare, great numbers of readers will be content to read accurate and admirable versions like these in our own tongue. We remember once standing on the Pnyx in Athens, where Demosthenes had thundered, and listening with admiration to the rich voice of a friend who poured out the splendid opening of the oration on the policy of Diopethes. But when he paused, and another took it up in plain, sonorous Anglo-Saxon—"It would be just, oh men of Athens, that your orators should not speak to gratify private friendship or hate"—it was impossible to deny that English sounded well in Grecian atmosphere, and that, on the whole, when English would do as well, it was not worth while to be classical or pedantic, and talk or listen to Greek. We scarcely need to call the attention of teachers and students to these books, which are now generally regarded as desirable assistants to studious youth.

A GUIDE TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF OUR AMERICAN UNION; or, Political, Economical, and Literary Miscellanies; dedicated to the Young Men of America, *by A. B. Johnson.* New York: Derby & Jackson.

A book which will repay not only a perusal, but a careful study, by all who are interested in the political questions which have recently agitated the country, whether the reader be of the author's politics or opposed to them. Mr. Johnson writes boldly, and reasons calmly and dispassionately. The papers here collected relate to the constitutional powers of Congress over slavery and over public improvements; the veto power; the history and law of banks and insurance companies, corporations, rights of taxation, and other subjects of general public interest—all treated by a mind that is well fitted to instruct, while the author never provokes the anger of an opponent.

Lessons from the Great Biography, *by James Hamilton, D.D.* New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Dr. Hamilton's pen is always eloquent. We have seldom met with attempts to give passages from the Life of Christ which were pleasing or satisfactory. The simple beauty of the Sacred Record can not be surpassed or improved. Yet there is an exceeding richness of thought, and sometimes a startling train of illustration and story here, which make this small volume a very delightful companion. It is a brilliant, thrilling, entrancing story, told by one who seems to feel as he writes that his subject is majestic, and to gather strength and power of thought and expression from the grandeur of the history he is writing.

Virginia Illustrated; containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan, and the Adventures of Porte Crayon and his Cousins; illustrated from Drawings *by Porte Crayon.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

Porte Crayon is an artist with pen and pencil, and Virginia is his theme. There be pleasant places in the Old Dominion and pleasant faces—cousins whose lips overflow with music, whose forms lend the charms of grace and beauty to scenery that was fine before, but magnificent with their presence. A wandering artist, with such cousins for companions, could not fail to find his imagination quickened, his fingers guided by inspiration, his spirits capital, his whole tone lively, lifelike, and, in short, himself only saved from intoxication by his own good head and imperturbable coolness. Some hundred thousand people have already read with delight these sketches, and enjoyed the infinite drollery and humor of the illustrations. They will now welcome them, in this elegant volume, as a permanent library and drawing-room ornament.

Porte Crayon, with his cousins, rambles through some of the pleasantest parts of Virginia, penning and penciling notes as he goes. The result is a delicious book of quiet incident, humorous without the remotest approximation to vulgarity, sparkling without glitter, descriptive without dullness, and illustrated by a pencil that gives portraits of every person and thing, from the old servants in the kitchens to the gorgeous chambers of Weyer's Cavern or a moonlight on James River. We venture to predict for the book a place in every Virginia home, and in a great many other homes where the splendid freedom and hospitality of the Old Dominion is remembered and imitated.

The Romany Rye; a Sequel to Lavengro, *by George Borrow*, author of "The Bible in Spain," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Like all of Borrow's books, this is a remarkable work, full of eccentricities, having some obscurities to our American understandings, but containing most powerful and entertaining sketches of humanity in all its phases. As heretofore, he deals with the gipsies; but dealing with them necessarily involves more or less intercourse with the world at large, and there are portraits of men and minds for every one to recognize. Wit, humor, and scholarly accomplishments sparkle and shine on all the pages of the book.

The Martyr of the Pongas: a Memoir of the Rev. Hamble James Lacock, *by Rev. Henry Caswell, D.D.* New York: Thomas N. Stanford.

The record of a hero life—humble but holy—whose chief reward is elsewhere than here. Mr. Lacock was the leader of one of the missions to West Africa—those missions which have proved fatal to so many earnest and devoted men and women. His voice was not heard very far, but there are men like him, whose deeds, of little fame on earth, do nevertheless resound among stars.

Sermons, *by the late Rev. F. W. Robertson.* Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The Unitarian pulpit has produced some of the most eloquent men among the clergy of our century. Mr. Robertson's sermons have been very popular in England, and deservedly so—ranking in the highest order of terse, pointed, and elegant discourses. They are reprinted in the very handsome workmanship for which the publishers are distinguished.

Thomas N. Stanford has republished the late Bishop Hobart's Dissertation on the State of the Departed, as well as his Address delivered at the Funeral of Bishop Moore. They form a brief and thorough explanation of the Doctrine of an Intermediate State—a Hades between this life and the final abode of all the dead.

Tennyson is writing a new poem, Morte d'Arthur, of which, it will be remembered, he has before published a brief extract. Arthur Hallam was Tennyson's friend, in whose memory In Memoriam was written.

Among the announcements in Germany is a splendid illustrated book. The old King of Bavaria's tastes are well known. He had thirty-six portraits of handsome women painted for his private rooms, without regard to the character of the originals. Heine called this collection "*Einem gemalten serail.*" These beauties are engraved and published—or are to be. Among the earliest we observe "Ianthe, Lady Ellenborough," whose history is given in "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

Ivison & Phinney publish a small and admirable Manual of Astronomy and the Use of the Globes, for Schools, *by Henry Riddle, A.M.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE NICARAGUA TRANSIT.

It is not yet known what disposal will be or has been made of the Nicaragua transit route. By the Cincinnati Platform the Federal Executive is bound to prevent every foreign power from closing that route; and it is understood that William Carey Jones, a son-in-law of Colonel Benton, has been dispatched to Nicaragua to examine and report upon the actual state of the facts, in order to enable the President to carry out the pledge. Our latest advices from thence state that the Costa Ricans propose to close the route altogether for some years. On the other hand, Commodore Vanderbilt and other parties are believed to have applied for the interference of Government to protect their grants; but it is said the President declines to meddle with any of them.

THE NEW GRANADA DISPUTE.

Judge Bowlin, late United States Minister to Bogota, has returned home, and reports that the new President of New Granada, Señor Ospina, had made no overture for the settlement of the pending difficulty with the United States. It was generally believed at Bogota that the dispute would be settled by Señor Herran at Washington. It is rumored that though England has not obtained a cession of an island in the Bay of Panama, one of those islands has been pledged to her as security for the payment of her claims on New Granada.

THE OVERLAND MAIL CONTRACT.

The Postmaster-General, with the approbation of the President, has selected the following route for conveying the overland mail to California, namely: Beginning at St. Louis and Memphis on the Mississippi River, thence forming a junction at Little Rock, Arkansas; thence in the direction of Preston to the Rio Grande, at the most suitable crossing of that river, to Fort Fillmore and Donna Anna; thence along the new road, now being made under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, to Fort Yuma; thence by the best passes through the best valleys for safe and expeditious staging to San Francisco. The Postmaster-General, with the approbation of the President, has given the contract to John Butterfield, William B. Dinsmore, William G. Fargo, James V. P. Gardner, Marquis S. Kenyon, and Alexander Holland, of New York, and Hamilton Spencer, of Illinois, at the price of $5.5,000 for semi-weekly service, they being the lowest bidders, and as they will perform 400 miles more service than the other bidders proposed.

THE RUMORED BRITISH INTERFERENCE IN NICARAGUA.

Most people have noticed letters from certain filibusters accusing the English officers in Central America of defeating General Walker's projects, and of general hostility to Americans in that part of the world. On this head it may be well to place on record the testimony of Commodore Paulding, who, in an official report to the Secretary of the Navy, thus speaks of the British Naval Commander in Central America:

"I perform an agreeable duty in speaking of Captain Erskine, of H. B. M. ship *Orion*, who for a long time has been the senior officer on the coast of Central America.

"He was at San Juan del Norte when Lockridge's men retreated to that place, and the duties devolving on him were in a great degree embarrassing.

"It became necessary not only to give protection to our misguided countrymen, but to reconcile in some manner the interests of contending parties belonging to the United States and Costa Rica, blended in a manner not always to be comprehended nor disposed of by an ordinary standard.

"Captain Erskine has with much courtesy and kindness explained to me the course that was pursued by him, and which seems to have given satisfaction to all parties concerned. Subsequently, guided by the dictates of humanity, he sent Lockridge's men to Aspinwall in the *Tartar* and *Cossack*, and it is known to the Department that those in the first-named ship were conveyed under his orders to New Orleans.

"On the arrival of the *Tartar* at Aspinwall from New Orleans, he again offered the services of that ship to bring any men I might wish to send from San Juan.

"With suitable acknowledgments I declined the offer, having a few days previously dispatched the *Cyane* on this service, under the orders of the Department.

"The official and personal intercourse I have had with Captain Erskine has been such as to justify an appreciation of his honorable character, corresponding with his just and humane course of proceeding in discharging his onerous and painful duties at San Juan del Norte; and I would respectfully present to the Department, whether duties so well and faithfully performed by a foreign officer, under circumstances of so much difficulty, may not claim our acknowledgment.

"It has been ascribed to Captain Erskine by the public prints and otherwise, that he had an agency in the capture of the steamers on Lake Nicaragua, and other proceedings on the river. This Captain Erskine has heard, and has assured me, upon his honor, is totally untrue."

CONVICTION OF THE PLUG-UGLIES.

It is pleasant to find that rascals do not always escape the law. Several "plug-uglies," to wit: William Warnock, William Wilson, John Webster, Isaac Stoddard, and William Williams have been convicted in the Criminal Court at Washington of rioting and preventing persons from voting on the 1st of June last. The two first-named having left the city, their recognizances were forfeited; the others were severely lectured by Judge Crawford, fined $20 each, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The new Collector, Mr. Schell, has assumed the reins of power at the New York Custom-house. It is understood that he will not effect any sweeping changes for a few days. The Special Commissioners on the affairs of the Custom-house, ex-Collector Brown of Philadelphia, Guthrie of Pittsburgh, and Cooper of Georgia, have reported in favor of certain improvements in the transaction of business. The report will not be published.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE ACT CONSTITUTIONAL.

The Court of Appeals has decided that the Metropolitan Police Act is constitutional. The following judges concurred in the opinion of the Court: Chief Justice Denio, Judges Johnson, Selden, Page, Shankland, and Bowen. The following dissented: Judges Comstock and Brown. The opinion of the Court, which was delivered by the Chief Justice, examines the points as to the creation of the Metropolitan Police district, and the method of the appointments provided for in the bill, and declares that there is nothing adverse to the letter of the Constitution in either. There is nothing in the Constitution prohibiting the abolition of the local police arrangements of the city by the Legislature, nor the remodeling of the force in any manner that the Legislature sees fit. Judge Shankland delivered an opinion on the affirmative side of the question, in which the merits of the case were fairly discussed, to show the necessity of some reform in the police arrangements of the city, thus justifying the passage of the bill by the Legislature. Judges Brown and Comstock dissent from the declaration recognizing the alteration or modification of the divisions of cities and counties, as in the instance of the formation of the Metropolitan district. On the day following the decision the Act went into effect, and Mayor Wood disbanded the Municipal Police.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.

Never has the Fourth been so poorly celebrated. There was no display of fire-works here either in the Parks or at the City Hall. At Philadelphia, like deviation from the time-honored custom. At Boston, there were fire-works; but as the display was progressing on the Common in the evening, the mortar used for throwing shell rockets burst, killing George F. Tewkesbury, formerly harbor-master, and a highly respected citizen; Asa L. Libby, cabinet-maker; Patrick Cook, an employé of Hovey & Co., the pyrotechnists, and a boy named John M'Mahon; Wiseman Marshall, the tragedian, and John W. Robinson were badly injured, but not fatally. This sad disaster terminated the pyrotechnic display abruptly. Even private individuals retrenched their usual outlay for gunpowder in consequence of the high price of pyrotechnics.

RIOTS IN NEW YORK.

The disbandment of the Municipal Police (whom the Albany Commissioners refused to re-employ) has been the signal for deplorable riots. From Friday evening to Monday morning the city—particularly that portion of it embraced within the Sixth Ward—has been in a state of riot. An organized gang of ruffians, residing in and about Mulberry Street, and known as the "Roach Guards," consisting chiefly of Irishmen, began an affray which ended in the loss of six lives and the wounding of over one hundred men. They began by making an onslaught, with knives and pistols, upon the Metropolitan Policemen who were on duty near the Bowery Theatre. The officers were forced to fly. The same gang, being reinforced, assailed the drinking saloon No. 40 Bowery, the fixtures of which they demolished after assaulting the inmates, whom they suspected of being members of another antagonistic Club known as the "Atlantic Guards." By great exertions on the part of the police, and private citizens who aided the police, this difficulty was temporarily quelled, but not until nearly a dozen persons had been more or less injured by bludgeons and pistol-balls. The riot broke out afresh later in the day, and with such violence that the police, in attempting to suppress it, were badly beaten, being assailed from the house-tops and windows all along Bayard and Mulberry streets, where the rival "Guards" were met, fighting from behind barricades. Fire-arms were brought into requisition by the rioters, six of whom were killed and seventy or eighty wounded. Of the police, a special officer, named Jenkins, is lying at the City Hospital, mortally wounded, it is feared. Some others, it is thought, will die of their injuries. The fight was ended about nightfall—about the time that three regiments were called out to maintain order. Comparative quiet reigned the remainder of the night. A large number of the rioters were captured by the police.

On Sunday there was not much fighting until near seven o'clock, when a riot broke out in Centre and Anthony streets, in which sticks, stones, bricks from the chimneys of the houses, and guns and pistols were freely used, and with effect. Nine men were seriously wounded, and taken to the City Hospital. Finally, the military were marched up and down through the Ward, and the rioters dispersed. There were lesser riots in other parts of the city. In Bayard Street barricades were again erected, but after the military appeared they were removed without violence. At midnight all was quiet, and only one regiment was to remain under arms until morning.

Since then there has been no fresh outbreak. The disturbance is ascribed partly to the turbulence of the Irish, and partly to the inefficiency of the police.

ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE ACT DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

Messrs. Cutting, Evarts, and Lord, in accordance with a request of the Board of Underwriters, have given them their written opinion concerning the validity of the bill re-establishing the office of Port Warden in the city of New York. They deny the constitutionality of the enactment.

PERSONAL.

Ex-President Pierce and Senator Mason, of Virginia, are rusticating together in New Hampshire.

Colonel Fremont is to leave shortly for California; his family have gone to Europe.

W. H. Smith, of Warren, was nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention of Maine, in session at Portland, on the 30th ult. The vote for Smith was 296 out of 585, the whole number of ballots cast.

Hon. Charles Sumner had a relapse on reaching Paris, but has recovered his health by riding through Southern France on horseback. He is now in England.

Mr. Schell, the new Collector of this port, is a philosopher of the most hard-shell description. The winds may blow, the rains may pour, and the whole battery of his political opponents may be directed upon him, but his phlegmatic composure resists it all. It fails to ruffle the settled equanimity of his temper. As an illustration of this, an anecdote is told of an editor of a well-known journal in this city, which, after the late Presidential election, became a convert to the political opinions entertained by Mr. Schell. The editor, on hearing of Mr. Schell's appointment, repaired to the new Collector to apologize for certain inadvertent personalities in reference to the future Collector which had crept into his paper, declaring that the offense should not be repeated. "Oh, never mind," replied Mr. Schell, with his quiet, philosophic smile; "don't stop on my account. Print them, by all means. If they help the circulation of your paper, *I* have no objection."

Miss Annie M. Andrews, the young lady whose voluntary services to the sick during the prevalence of the Norfolk pestilence have made her name famous, and whose portrait was published in a former number of this journal, is preparing for the press a volume descriptive of the "Heroes of the Pestilence," which will be published by the Harpers early in the Fall. The proceeds of the sale of her book are to be set apart for the benefit of worthy parties left destitute by the results of the dreadful epidemic of '55.

Miss Ann B. Herron, who fell a victim to the epidemic of 1855, in Norfolk, bequeathed to her near relative, James H. Behan, of that city, a splendid mansion. Having heard Miss Herron express the intention or desire to appropriate this valuable property to the purpose of founding an infirmary, Mr. Behan, though under no legal obligation to do so, has relinquished his claim to it, and given it up to be converted into an infirmary, as contemplated by his kinswoman. The property is estimated to be worth from $25,000 to $30,000.

Lieutenant Sylvester Mowry, of the 3d Artillery, United States Army, arrived here by the *Illinois*. He is bearer of a petition from the residents of the Gadsden purchase to have that tract of country separated from the territorial government of New Mexico, to which it belongs at present, and erected into an independent Territory, under the name of Arizona.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poetical essayist, has devoted himself to the profession of school instruction. In the circular of Mr. F. B. Sanborn's Academy, at Concord, Massachusetts, Mr. Emerson is announced as the lecturer on English Literature and Intellectual Philosophy. He will lecture to the pupils once a week. In the same corps of instruction are the names of Dr. Solger, the well-known lecturer on history, and Professor W. B. Rogers, the geologist.

The Chicago *Press* notices, as "a significant fact," that Messrs. Slidell, Toombs, Orr, Douglas, Breckinridge, Richardson, and Bright, all Pro-slavery leaders, have recently been interested in large purchases of real estate in the free states and territories!

A Southern editor announces that on a recent visit to that "dirty, gipsy-like region," opposite Petersburg, Virginia, known as Pocahontas, he saw a tall embonpoint figure, slightly bronzed-complexioned female in her 68th year, withal youthful looking, her long raven black hair flowing over her shoulders, and she calmly leaning over a Yankee tub washing open-work stockings! The last female and direct descendant of Pocahontas!

Lord Napier, the British Minister to the United States, has taken for his summer residence the beautiful cottage of Mr. Hammill, at Frostburg, Maryland, on a ridge of the Alleghanies, two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Chief Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has received a letter from a deaf mute denouncing his decision in the Dred Scott case.

One of the victims of the burning of the steamer *Montreal* on the St. Lawrence, Canada, was the Hon. Stephen C. Phillips of Salem, Massachusetts. Of him the local paper says:

"The loss of one of the best and most useful men that Salem ever produced—for such was Stephen C. Phillips—is not an event to be lightly regarded, or dismissed with a mere mention of the fact. The public offices, municipal, state, and national, which he has filled with so much ability and distinction; his extraordinary services to the cause of education, philanthropy, and morals; his sterling integrity and high-minded principles; his mercantile enterprise and energy; his public spirit and far-seeing sagacity; his numerous extensive benefactions and improvements, which have made their mark upon this community, and will cause his name to be ever remembered here with gratitude and honor; his shining example as a man, a citizen, a representative, and a magistrate, suggest too many thronging reminiscences connected with his exalted character and his bright and beneficent career to make a hasty tribute to his memory satisfactory; and we therefore defer a more extended sketch of his life and services to some fitter opportunity.

"Mr. Phillips was about fifty-six years of age, and was rapidly recovering from a temporary embarrassment, with the most encouraging prospect of a career of future enterprise and usefulness, when this appalling calamity occurred."

The Charleston, South Carolina, papers are in mourning for the death of the Hon. Langdon Cheves, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, September, 1776, elected to Congress in 1811, and served until 1816. He was made Speaker for two successive years. He gave the casting vote in the negative, as Speaker of the House, on the question of rechartering the old United States Bank. Mr. Cheves returned to Carolina after his Congressional service, and was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1816, in which post he continued until 1819. While upon the bench he was called to the presidency of the United States Bank—the administration of whose affairs had given much dissatisfaction—and here his administration furnished signal proof of his sound judgment and eminent fiscal ability. He voluntarily resigned this position, and soon returned to Carolina as a planter.

Hon. William E. Venable, of North Carolina, has left for Aspinwall in the steamer *Illinois, en route* for Guatemala, to assume the duties of United States Minister Resident near the Government of that Republic. Crossing the Isthmus to the Pacific, he will proceed to his destination by the Panama Railroad Company's steamer, plying to and from various Central American ports.

Chief of Police Matsell has left the city to look after his farm in Iowa. He was accompanied by his family. Hugh Masterson, one of his aids, escorted him as far as Middletown.

William Thompson, our new consul to Southampton, will shortly sail for England.

Commissioner Denver, of the Land Office, received a letter the other day which he could not read; so he sent back the following pithy note: "I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter supposed to be signed by you; and after reading a portion, guessing at a portion, and passing by the remainder as unintelligible, have referred it to the Secretary of the Interior."

Governor King has appointed ex-Recorder Tillou commissioner to investigate the school system of New York, vice Neilson resigned.

A National Convention of butchers is to be held at Ballincore on 3d September.

The estate of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, at Bordentown, New Jersey, has been offered for sale, but was withdrawn without a bid. It cost $100,000, and the auctioneer offered to start it at $60,000.

The will of the late George Hays, Esq., of Philadelphia, after making some bequests to his nephews and nieces, and $5000 to the Northern Home for Friendless Children, gives the remainder of his estate for the purpose of founding a home and retreat for disabled, aged, and infirm deserving American mechanics.

RECOVERY OF MISS GARDINER.

Miss Gardiner, the young lady who was carried off by the Wa-pe-tu-kak Indians, has been recovered by the Indians sent to ransom her by Major Flandrau.

Miss Gardiner is a native of Seneca County, New York, and at the time of the massacre was living with her parents at Spirit Lake. Her father, mother, and the remainder of her family, were all murdered at the time of the attack on the Spirit Lake settlement, with the single exception of an elder sister, who removed to the more densely settled portion of Iowa a few days preceding the massacre. This sister has since married, and is now living on the Des Moines. Miss Gardiner is a healthy, pleasing, intelligent-looking girl, of but fifteen years of age. The only indication betrayed on her countenance of the great suffering she has undergone, is that she is very much sun-burned, and resembles in complexion, very strikingly, her late tawny associates.

The Indians who were sent out were too late to save Mrs. Nobles. After a few days' march, they arrived at a recently deserted camp, where they found the dead body of Mrs. Nobles. The body was terribly mutilated; it was apparent that she had been most cruelly outraged, not only before, but after death. Three bullet wounds were discovered in her head, and on her limbs and arms the traces of brutal cruelties were visible. The Indians wrapped her body in a blanket, and interred it, Ma-za-in-to-mani, a Christian Indian, performing those religious services over the grave of the unfortunate victim, dictated by his crude, yet earnest belief in the Christian religion.

Soon afterward they ascertained that Miss Gardiner and Mrs. Nobles had been sold by Ink-pa-du-ta to a Yankton warrior, named Wam-dus-ka-ihan-ke, or the End of the Snake; and that a few nights after the sale, a son of Ink-pa-du-ta came to the camp and demanded that the white women should be turned out of the lodge where they were kept by their purchaser. Upon his refusal to comply, Mrs. Nobles was forcibly removed, outraged beyond all power of language to describe, and then brutally murdered. Miss Gardiner was only saved by the bravery of the Yankton who purchased her; he placed her on his couch, beside his squaw, and declared that his life and that of his squaw would be sacrificed before harm should come to Miss Gardiner. Intimidated by this bold course, Ink-pa-du-ta's son and his confederates retreated.

After some negotiation, the Indians consented to restore Miss Gardiner for the ransom offered. The price paid was two horses, seven blankets, two kegs of powder, box of tobacco, and other articles with which the Indians had been provided by Major Flandrau.

The St. Paul's paper refrains from particulars in regard to the treatment these unfortunate women received at the hands of the Indians; but questions if American history can furnish another such instance where females have given way, as in the case of Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Nobles, under more brutal cruelties; or have survived greater outrages, exposure, and fatigue.

It is pleasant to know that by public subscription a sum is being raised to send Miss Gardiner to school; and pleasanter still to hear that the Wah-pe-tu-kak Indians are to be hunted down like wild beasts.

THE SPIRITUALISTS CHECKMATED.

Professors Agassiz, Peirce, and Horsford, of Harvard College, and Dr. Gould, the committee selected to pass upon the controversy between the Boston *Courier* and Dr. H. F. Gardner, respecting the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, after a week's investigation made the following report:

"The committee award that Dr. Gardner, having failed to produce before them an agent or medium who 'communicated a word imparted to the spirits in an adjoining room,' 'who read a word in English written inside a book,' or 'folded sheet of paper,' who answered any question 'which the superior intelligences must be able to answer,' who 'tilted a piano without touching it, or caused a chair to move a foot;' and having failed to exhibit to the committee any phenomenon which, under the widest latitude of interpretation, could be regarded as equivalent to either of these proposed tests, or any phenomenon which required for its production, or in any manner indicated a force which could technically be denominated spiritual, or which was hitherto unknown to science, or a phenomenon of which the cause was not palpable to the committee, is, therefore, not entitled to claim from the Boston *Courier* the proposed premium of five hundred dollars.

"It is the opinion of the committee, derived from observation, that any connection with Spiritualistic Circles, so called, corrupts the morals and degrades the intellect. They, therefore, deem it their solemn duty to warn the community against this contaminating influence, which surely tends to lessen the truth of man and the purity of woman.

"Benjamin Peirce, Chairman.
"La. Agassiz.
"B. A. Gould, Jun.
"E. N. Horsford.

"Cambridge, *June 29, 1857.*"

A HORRID BRUTE.

A letter from Hornellsville tells the following story: "A man, by name Hogan, was, it seems, discovered treating his child, a little girl only two years old, in a most inhuman manner. Her cries having attracted the attention of passers-by, admittance was gained, when she was found caged up in a small shoe-box, tied up by the feet to the top, almost starved, having been kept there forty-eight hours almost naked and covered with bruises and callosities, and her father there in the act of beating he to still her cries! The alarm soon spread, a crowd rapidly gathered, when his house was demolished, and himself treated to a coat of tar and feathers on the spot. Not a man was found to defend the culprit, but many wished it had been night, that fuller satisfaction could have been had from one so richly deserving condign punishment, and many mutterings were heard to the effect that if he was found in town after dark, he would experience the additional pleasure of a ride on that classic implement—a rail. The box is left unharmed where it was found, together with the string used to tie up the girl's feet, and many go to see them and to pronounce the punishment only too lenient for such unheard-of barbarity.

MISHAPS OF A TRAVELER.

A young Kentuckian, who has for some years resided and been employed in St. Louis as a clerk, started recently from that city for New York, with $175 in his pocket, and a trunk full of good clothes. He got safely to Buffalo, but there, when he was about to buy his ticket for New York, and had given his trunk to the freight conductor, he placed the check for it in his wallet, which was soon afterward stolen from his pantaloons pocket. Having no money, he manfully started out of Buffalo to walk to the metropolis, but had only gone thirty-eight miles when his patent leather shoes gave out, and, unable to keep on barefooted, he sought a chance to work his passage on a freight train of the Erie Railroad. This did very well, but while tending a brake his hat blew off and was lost, before reaching Hornellsville, at which place his coat was stolen. When last seen he had again taken to pedestrian exercise, heading for New York, and unless his luck changes may be expected to arrive here soon in very good condition for taking a bath, as he stands.

A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK.

A pair of Mississippi lovers, living in the vicinity of Friar's Creek, a few days since bethought themselves of getting married. Having procured a license they set out on horseback. They soon came up to a parson "setting" on a fence—it seems he did something occasionally at farming—and requested him to "solemnize the sacred rites of matrimony at once." The parson finally consented, and he "setting" on the fence, and they on their horses, the "sacred rite" was "solemnized," after which they went on their way rejoicing.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

There is a lady in New York who claims to be the wife of our bachelor-President, Mr. Buchanan. She is quite open and persistent in her claims. She has in a bed what she says are two children, whom she claims are the President's children, and nothing but the constant care of her friends prevents her from going to Washington and demanding to be placed in the White House as the lawful occupant of the domestic department of that celebrated establishment. The lady is in the Insane Asylum at Blackwell's Island, and her children are two white cats, whom she has trained to such docility that she keeps them in bed nearly all day sleeping between sheets, on nice clean pillow-cases, all tucked in like children, with caps on their heads. All the visitors call on Mrs. Buchanan, see her cats, and they allow the clothes to be turned down and a view taken without an effort to rise from their couch. The name of one of the cats is John C. Frémont, and the other is Alexander Hamilton.

MONEY TAKING WINGS IN EARNEST.

A defalcation has been discovered in the branch Mint at San Francisco. The enormous sum of 14,000 ounces ($252,000) was, according to first accounts, missing in the melting and refining department. The flues were torn down, the roofs of adjoining houses scraped, and the deficit, it is said, has been reduced to 5000 ounces. It appears that much fine gold is carried up the chimneys or flues by the draught, and either makes fast to the flues—which, in this case, are zigzag—or is carried outside and lost. It is said that at the closing of the Mint last Fall, when the wastage as explained was very great, Colonel Harasythy, the assayer, caused a zigzag chimney to be erected, and in the course of two and a half months the sum of 1180 ounces was collected from it. It is also said that the sweepings of the roof of Davidson's building (which is flat and next to the Mint) produced 300 ounces, and that from the roof of Armory Hall, 200 yards distant from the Mint, dust to the amount of $180 was collected. These stories may be true, but the public is skeptical on that point.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

MUCH business has been done in Parliament. All the bills referring to the franchise have been passed over till 1858. The Oaths Bill has been read a second time. Mr. Wise moved an inquiry into the administration of the Duchy of Lancaster. Government has proposed to amend the law of highways by constructing local boards elected by the rate-payers, and to abolish grand juries in the Metropolitan District. The Divorce Bill has been amended. Various bills on the subject of Wills and Trusts have been introduced. In debate on the supply bills, the Government was left in a minority of ten. There has been a debate on the Cuban slave trade, and the Government announced that the number of cruisers off the island would be increased. There has also been a debate on the Greytown affair; Lord Palmerston denied the right of British subjects injured by that outrage to obtain indemnity from the United States.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The workmen employed by the Transatlantic Telegraph Company have commenced at Woolwich, on the 19th of June, the embarkation of the cable. Thirty-one miles of it have been placed on board the British ship of war *Agamemnon*.

The manufacture of the cable is nearly completed. Its total length is to be 2500 miles.

The *Niagara* is at Birkenhead, shipping her share of it.

BAPTISM OF THE PRINCESS.

The ceremony of christening of the infant Princess, fifth daughter of the Queen and Prince Albert, took place on the 16th, in the Chapel within Buckingham Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, followed by the Bishop of London, and the Bishops and Clergymen assisting, entered the Chapel at ten minutes before one o'clock. The Archbishop took his place on one side of the communion table, and the Bishop on the other. All the visitors appeared in full dress uniform. The Embassador of France and the Foreign Ministers all wore the insignia of different orders of knighthood. The Queen wore a white and silver moire antique dress, trimmed with a deep flounce of Honiton lace, white tulle, and branches of silver flowers. The top of the corsage was fringed all round with diamonds. Her Majesty wore a diamond circlet, diamond ear-rings, and diamond necklace. The Queen also wore the riband of the order of the Garter, from which was suspended a very magnificent "George," composed of brilliants; and the Princess Royal wore a dress of white tulle embroidered with floss silk, over a rich glacé silk; a diamond necklace and ornaments. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of water lilies round the head. The Princess Alice wore a dress of rich Honiton lace trimmed with white flowers, over a white glacé silk. The Princesses Helena and Louisa wore dresses of Isle of Wight lace, trimmed with blossoms, over a white glacé silk. The Bishop of Oxford and the Dean of Windsor wore their enameled badges as Chancellor and Register of the Order of the Garter. The communion table was covered with crimson velvet, bordered with deep gold lace, and edged with bullion fringe. In front of the table, immediately below the steps by which it is approached, was placed the beautiful christening font of silver gilt, elevated on a fluted circular pedestal of white and gold. The font contained *water brought from the river Jordan*, and presented to the Queen specially for the occasion!!! The Foreign Ministers and Cabinet Ministers present at the solemnity were conducted by the heralds to seats in the Chapel. The Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Groom of the Stole to Prince Albert, conducted the infant Princess into the Chapel, her Royal Highness being carried by the head nurse. The infant Princess wore a robe of Honiton lace over white satin. The Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded with the baptismal service, and when he came to name her Royal Highness, Lady Caroline Barrington presented the Princess at the font, and the Duchess of Kent named her *Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore*. The Princess Beatrice was reconducted from the Chapel, and a chorus, "Hallelujah," Beethoven (Mount of Olives), was performed. The Archbishop of Canterbury having pronounced the blessing, the solemnity was concluded at twenty-three minutes past one o'clock.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Her Majesty has signified to Lord Panmure, the Secretary of State for War, that it is her intention to personally distribute the Victoria Cross (the Order of Valor) on Friday, the 26th June. It has been determined that the ceremony of the distribution will take place in Hyde Park, and not on the parade facing the Horse Guards, as originally contemplated, so that a far greater number of the public may have the opportunity of witnessing the interesting proceedings. Prince Albert and all the elder members of the royal family, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian of Austria, and a brilliant Court circle will be present on the occasion.

A WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.

Our London correspondent writes: "St. George's, Hanover Square, is, *par excellence*, the 'fashionable' temple of Hymen for this metropolis. Every body who is 'any body' *must* be married there; and not a few 'nobodies' follow suit, with a view of being thought 'somebody,' and seal a life of misery at this shrine by polluting the 'holy bonds of matrimony' with sinister influences. He who has not seen a fashionable wedding has missed one of the most curious features in English life. I was tempted the other day to deviate from the wake of my daily peregrinations, to assist at the marriage of the youngest daughter of Lord Say and Sele with the Honorable Mr. Webb, and was well repaid, if it had only been for a *bon mot* from my Lady Londonderry. Of course the bride was lovely, and her ten bridemaids charming—at least I guessed so, for she was entirely enveloped, as by a cloud, in rich lace, valued at three hundred guineas. Her head was crowned with the customary wreath of orange flower-blossoms. The bridemaids wore dresses of Honiton lace; five were trimmed with white flowers, and five with lilac, interspersed with green leaves. On their heads they wore short vails pendant from crescent-shaped wreaths of white and purple lilac blossoms. The bride's *trousseau* filled a large room. No less than thirty costly dresses were hung around the walls. A gold dressing-case, a present from the bride's father, was especially attractive. The company at the wedding filled one hundred and fifty carriages. Upon such occasions as this there is usually a pretty little scramble as to who shall be the first to address the bride with congratulations under her new name. This time the Marchioness of Londonderry was the winner of the race. When the name of 'Webb' was pronounced by her the bride's brother laughed; the fascinating Marchioness inquired the reason for so grave a solecism; he could give no better than that it was such a funny, *short* name. 'Then,' wittily responded the Marchioness, 'if you think it too short, prefix C. O. B. to it!' and all the grave assembly laughed. Of all festivals, social or religious, a wedding is the gloomiest, the saddest! Every word uttered in compliment or congratulation belies the speakers. Conscious of their own lost hopes and harvest of unhappiness, they secretly wish the same lot for those they blandly congratulate and wish joy to on the 'happy occasion.' Could they suppose happiness possible to the 'handsome couple,' their envy would know no bounds."

THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S THIMBLE.

He adds: "It is well known that the late Duke of Wellington was very fond of the royal family. To the children he was a sort of grandfather; and he never seemed so happy as when among them, sharing their gambols or giving them the benefit of his disciplinarianism. It is said that the strict regularity, early rising, method, and punctuality of the royal household is due to the counsels, strongly urged, of the Iron Duke. One day he was seated beside the Princess Royal, when she was busily engaged in making her doll a new dress. Her thimble was gold, of course. By dint of much industry and constant use, the top had several holes in it, and of course the needle found its way through, and drew blood from the royal fingers. Holding it up, bleeding, to the Duke, the little Princess said, 'Don't you think I want a new thimble?' This was repeated three or four times during the Duke's visit. Whether a hint was intended or not, the Duke took it as such, and a day or two afterward the royal lady received a neat package containing an elegant gold thimble, enveloped in a piece of paper, upon which was written these lines:

'I send a thimble,
For fingers nimble;
I hope it will fit when you try it.
It will last very long,
If but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it.'

"If the Queen had thought a hint *had* been given by her daughter, she would have sent her to bed without her supper, as has frequently happened for offenses of disobedience."

SHAKSPEARE'S FAMILY.

The London *Times* contains the following letter from Walter Savage Landor:

"I have been reading in Howitt's "Haunts and Homes of British Poets" a statement that some of Shakspeare's family are living in obscurity and destitution. God forbid it should continue so! * * * * I know not whether I have said it any where, but I have often thought it, that all the poetry that has existed, from the song of the angels at the creation down to the present hour, is not worth his and Milton's; nor has there been any philosophy so applicable, so generous, or so sound. He and Defoe have afforded the most delight to their native land. Some little was done for the descendant of Defoe; shall nothing be done for the descendant of Shakspeare? Pardon, Sir, my importunity. You have once made my voice heard; raise yours above it now, in a cause more noble still.

"During the short term of my life I will subscribe £5 yearly to avert a national disgrace. If, as Mr. Howitt says, every man who has been delighted by Shakspeare will give only one penny, once for all, it will be done.

"I am, Sir, etc.,
"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

"BATH, *June* 15."

SWAPPING BRIDES.

A country paper in England relates a circumstance which occurred a few days ago. There was to be a wedding that day. The bridegroom was eager, and the priest ready. Strange to say, at the eleventh hour the fair bride declared that married she would not be, and that she would half kill her intended if he attempted to go near her. Here was a pretty state of things! A way, however, soon presented itself to get out of the difficulty. In the corner of the room sat the bride's sister. Pitying the poor man, she asked, "Will you have me?" Startling, that! Nevertheless, the man coming to be married, priest and all, would be married. The matter was soon settled; he answered, "Yes." And so now this little bit of a romance is ended, and the story is no less strange than true.

FRANCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

The French elections are over. They passed off quietly. The results are not yet known, but it is believed that they have been favorable to the government. At Paris Cavaignac, Carnot, and Goudchaux are believed to have been elected, but it is not expected that they will take the oaths. *It is said that ten millions of votes were cast.*

The first day's voting is thus described by a resident: The first day's voting for the general elections of Paris passed over yesterday with the greatest tranquillity. The impropriety of abstention has appeared to be fully recognized, as throughout the several circumscriptions the attendance was considerable. The polling-places were opened at eight, but very few persons presented themselves before nine, the weather being any thing but favorable, and rain continuing to fall throughout all the early part of the day. In the more populous districts workmen, who, during the week, had not had time to procure their cards as electors, flocked to the different mairies to go through that formality, and thence went to the sections indicated to them. In the capital it may be calculated that more than half of the electors inscribed have voted on the first day. The general impression appears to be that the Government candidates will be all elected. The polling will be resumed this morning at eight, and terminate definitively at four in the afternoon.

PLATFORM OF THE OPPOSITION.

The following letters from M. Laboulaye of the *Débats*, and F. de Lasteyrie, may be placed on record as showing the platform of the Moderate Opposition:

"GENTLEMEN,—You have ever been distinguished by the independence of your choice, and by your enlightened love of liberty. It is in the name of these souvenirs of a glorious past that I venture to ask for your votes. I should be very happy if the friends of order and liberty would make use of my name as a means of counting their numbers and knowing each other. My principles are those which our fathers conquered in 1789, those which France loved and defended from 1814 to 1848. For the last sixty years these principles have been ingrafted in our manners. If you think the moment is come when the consequences of these principles may without danger be developed in our laws and obtain serious guarantees—if you think that moral interests merit no less attention than material interests—if you would see economy prevail in the public expenditure—if you think that the abuse of credit is a danger for states as well as for private individuals, elect a deputy who will use firm and honest language in the Corps Legislatif, without being open to the suspicion of forgetfulness and ingratitude. I am a friend to order and the laws; but to give to authority a firm and durable force, and to lay solid foundations for the public peace, there is no better means than the sincere practice of a wise liberty. I have sufficient esteem for my country to believe that in reality it still loves this wise liberty, and that it is worthy to enjoy it. If these opinions are yours, and if you should honor me with your mandate, be assured that I shall faithfully defend your interests and the rights of the country.

"I am, with respect, your faithful fellow-citizen,
"EDWARD LABOULAYE, Member of the Institute."

"Long discourses are not now in season. For those who know me, a profession of faith on my part is not wanted. To others I confine myself to saying this: The cause which I have always served, the only one that I ever will serve, is that of liberty. When Liberty is prostrate, my devotion to her is doubly due. All those who in any way whatever work for liberty are to me friends and natural allies. I am, and always shall be, the adversary of those who repudiate and oppress liberty.

"F. DE LASTEYRIE."

PLATFORM OF A GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE.

Among the Government candidates for the department of the Seine-et-Oise is a gentleman named Carnel de St. Martin, and the Mayor of Chaton, which is not far from Paris, has published an address to the electors, in which their sympathies are feelingly appealed to in his favor. The Mayor says:

"Already familiar with the various requirements of the department, he is not ignorant of what is useful to you. He knows how to follow up affairs already pending in the different offices of the Administration, of which he possesses a special knowledge—all which renders the solution and the affairs themselves easy. Moreover, M. Carnel de St. Martin, during the session which has just terminated, has become the son-in-law of M. de H. Marsault, our Prefect. This is an additional claim to your preference; they are the same interests which are united. Who can better represent in the Chamber the thoughts of the Prefect than his son-in-law? Who can better defend your interests than he who has already obtained your suffrages—than he who has united his destinies with the daughter of the most eminent magistrate of the Seine-et-Oise!"

Such claims have had their effect before, but have seldom been announced with more *naïveté* than by the worthy Mayor of Chaton. It was hitherto thought, or pretended at least, that a deputy represented the interests of his constituents at large. The deputy for the Seine-et-Oise, it seems, goes to the Legislative Corps to represent the Prefect.

THE EMPEROR NEARLY KILLED.

The Emperor invited the seven Marshals present in Paris to meet him at St. Cloud. After breakfast he made a trial of the small railway which runs from St. Cloud to Villeneuve l'Etang, which is intended to convey troops on campaign. The Marshals present were Reillé, Vaillant, Magnan, Baraguay d'Hilliers, Pelissier, Canrobert, and Bosquet. The experiment was, however, near terminating seriously for all parties. There was no locomotive, but the wagon, which goes down the slope, by its own momentum, as on the descent at St. Germain, soon acquired a velocity which the breaks could not stop. A number of peasants, who were at work in the fields, or who were attracted by curiosity, uttered cries of alarm at seeing the danger. Fortunately, the wagon rushed into a plowed field, where it was brought up. Anticipating the rumors that would follow, the Emperor walked about St. Cloud the next day, and went to the Vaudeville in the evening.

It is said the Emperor was the only member of the party who retained his coolness throughout the scene. Marshal Pelissier is said to have drawn a long breath, and exclaimed that he had never been so near death.

A NEW MONUMENT IN PARIS.

The French capital will soon possess a new monument—namely, a column in masonry in honor of Napoleon III., on the highest point of Trocadero. It will be 100 metres in height, being 60 more than the column in the Place Vendome. It is said that the estimates made by M. Daviou, the architect who has produced the plans for the improvement of the Bois de Boulogne, amount to the sum of 18,000,000 francs.

COUNTERFEIT WINE LEGALIZED.

There may be noticed in a list of joint stock companies in Paris, formally sanctioned by the prefect of police, the name of the "General company of fictitious or counterfeit wines." The company boldly state that no grape juice or alcohol is used, but do not specify the ingredients. The article is sold at from four to eight sous per quart, and the company has a capital of six million francs. These liquors are, of course, sold as genuine. Our markets are flooded with spurious liquors, and no one can tell when he buys a genuine article.

PRUSSIA.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE FREDERICK POSTPONED.

January 18 of next year has been definitively fixed on for the nuptials of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William. Originally the Prince's own birthday, October 18 of this year, was selected for that event, probably by the young Prince himself, and subsequently the Princess's birthday, November 21, was decided on as a more fitting occasion, it being the day on which she will complete her 17th year. Whatever may have been the reason for choosing the day now definitively fixed on, there is nothing left for their well-wishers but to congratulate the young couple that the day is definitively fixed at last, and to hope and trust that all auspicious influences may assist and mark that day for a long life of wedded happiness to look back to as its starting-point.

AUSTRIA.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS BAGRATION.

There died a few days ago, at Vienna, the famous Princess Bagration. Her husband, General Bagration, of the Russian service, was killed at Borodino. The Princess was then about twenty-five years of age. She had rank, beauty, and fortune—a trinity of qualities which opened up for her a career of successes that was not to be confined to the limits of her own country. After the close of the war she came to Paris to seek consolation and a position in the midst of a society which had buried its dead, and only asked to renew its lease on a life of peace and fast living. The Princess was a refined and an educated woman, and soon attracted attention by the extraordinary care she bestowed on her person. Her habits were those of a Byzantine lady of the tenth century. Amber and the enervating perfumes of Asia impregnated her apartments. It was she that revived the habit of receiving company in a reclining posture—she was never seen on foot during the whole day. Her person and her couch were covered with the finest dentelles and mousselines. It was the comedy of Cleopatra revived without the "realism" of the original.

Madame Bagration was carried from her couch to her carriage. Her excessive pallor, the nonchalance of her position in her carriage, her toilet uniformly white, gave her a sepulchral air that made her known to all the *habitués* of the public promenades as *La Dame Blanche*. But this pallor was her own work; it was her passion to look pale. She thought it ignoble to carry a bloom on the cheek; and, by means of leeches constantly applied, maintained herself in a state of exsanguination. Her blood was so completely impoverished that she was compelled to surround her person by artificial means with a temperature of 45 degrees centigrade. She carried this abuse of leeches to such an extent that when she went on a promenade she took in her carriage a bottle of these animals, and if she felt the slightest pain, or the suffusion of her countenance, they were then and there applied in order to re-establish the desired equilibrium, and was then carried into her house on returning on the litter of an assassinated woman.

Shortly before the accession of Louis Philippe to power, a young Englishman, of great personal beauty, made an irruption into Paris, carrying devastation into the hearts of the fair ones, and leaving desolation where before happiness reigned. This Anglo-Saxon Adonis was Colonel Karadoc, since become, by the death of his father, Lord Howden, now British Embassador at Madrid. Not content with destroying the peace of all the distinguished households of the city, the handsome Colonel determined to popularize his devastating physique with the people, and had himself painted at full length and exposed at the Exhibition. All Paris was inflamed: people only swore by Karadoc. The Princess Bagration was drawn into the current of admiration for the handsome Englishman, and gave him her hand. The union was of short duration; a separation took place; and although Lord Howden saw his wife from time to time, they never lived together afterward.

ITALY.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT IN A THEATRE.

A terrible catastrophe occurred at Leghorn on the 7th. Upward of three thousand persons were assembled in the Theatre *degli Aquidotti*, to witness the representation of the taking of Sebastopol, when suddenly one of the rockets let off to imitate the bombardment set fire to the side scenes. A sudden panic seized the public; the people in the pit rushed to the doors, and many of those who were in the boxes and galleries attempted to save themselves by jumping into the pit. The carbineers vainly attempted to stem the current by assuring the people that there was sufficient time for all to go out quietly; many, being frightened out of their senses, threw themselves out of the windows, although the British Consul, Mr. Macbean, had caused ladders to be placed in some of them. This disaster is the more to be regretted that there was really no occasion for such a panic, the fire being got under almost immediately afterward, before it had time to spread. The *Monitore Toscano* states that forty-three persons were killed, and one hundred and thirty-four wounded. On hearing what had occurred, the Grand Duke immediately set out for Leghorn, and visited those that had been carried to the hospitals. A letter from Florence to the *Morning Post* asserts that the number of deaths exceeds one hundred and fifty, and the number of the injured is probably double that amount.

BELGIUM.

ETHER A DETECTIVE AGENT.

The application of the process of etherization has just been resorted to in Belgium as a means of acquiring judicial information. After a considerable robbery committed at Brussels in November last, two men named Lerch and Daubner were arrested and brought to trial. The former was condemned to hard labor for life, but in consequence of the latter pretending to be dumb and idiotic his trial was postponed, in order that a medical investigation should take place. It was found impossible to get even a sign of intelligence from him. As it was, however, known that he was not born dumb, and that he had spoken, when he said that he could speak no language but German, he was etherized, and while laboring under the effect of that application he spoke perfectly and in French. He was in consequence again brought before the Tribunal, and condemned to ten years' hard labor.

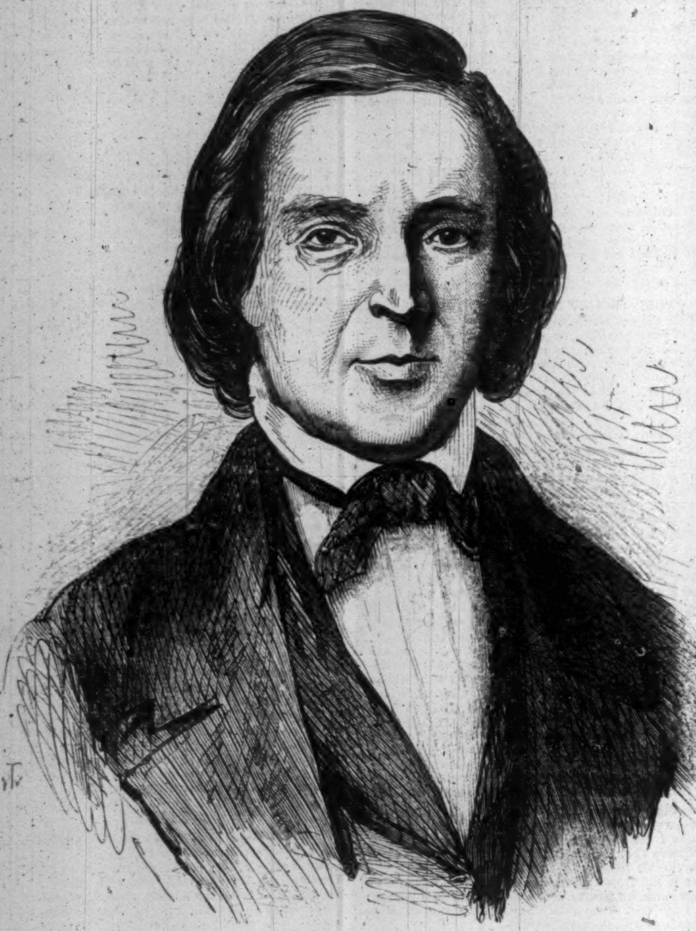
SPAIN.

THE GREAT TOREADOR.

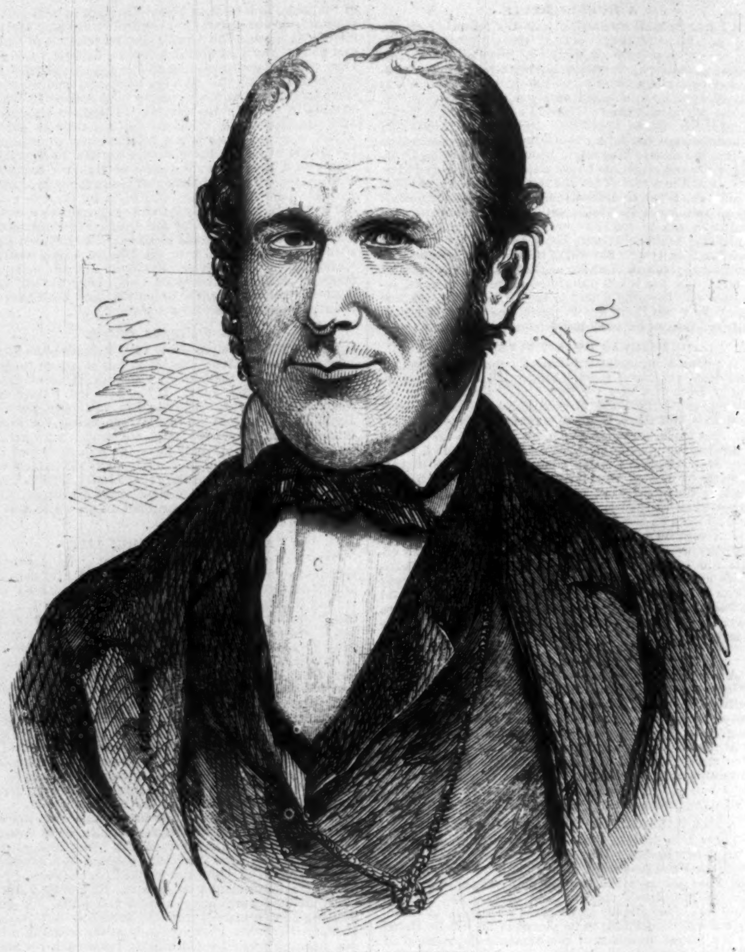
The following letter, written by a Spaniard, reflects the Spanish mind well:

"My dear friend,—I have received the letter wherein you ask me for details of the great misfortune which we all lament, and I can give them to you very complete, since I scarcely leave his bedside, except when absolutely compelled. Thus it happened: the first bull was of a reddish color, old, Barrabas by name, big-horned, shy, cowardly, and very knowing. Twice, as Dominguez advanced upon him at a walk, he rushed out to meet him at such a distance that he with difficulty escaped the charge. After this, the bull, standing rather near to the *tablas* (stout boards inclosing the ring), with his head high and restless, Dominguez attempted to give him a *volapié*, which was the completion of the misfortune, and the last perhaps that will ever be given by this great combatant, who will eternally occupy the most brilliant page in the history of bull-fighting; for having, contrary to his custom, charged him from too far, the bull cut off his retreat, and succeeded in catching him with the right horn by the trimmings of the left side of his jacket, and, throwing him on to the left horn, inflicted a wound frightful to behold. The horn grazed the lower jaw, passed through the palate, and knocked out his right eye. When he reached the *toril* (bull-stable), which he did on foot (for he would allow no one to touch him), his eye hung down to his mouth, suspended only by the optic nerve. The aspect of the bull-ring at the moment he received his wound, and the cry of grief and dismay that burst from every mouth, defy description. Some faint idea may be formed of them if we bear in mind these words—*the wounded man was Dominguez*.

"Until one in the morning it was impossible to check the great hemorrhage that ensued, and which all agreed must kill him. His body, his bed, his room, all swam in blood. As regards his present state, the physician who is in constant attendance on him, Don Francisco Costal, tells me that unless gangrene or cerebral inflammation sets in, he has hopes of saving him; that until now no symptom of those disorders has shown itself, but that many days must elapse before he will be out of grievous danger, although he has in his favor an iron constitution. What gives the doctor most uneasiness is the eye, for he says that, while he, Medinilla, and two celebrated practitioners from Cadiz, were consulting what to do with it, and finally agreeing to complete its removal, a physician from Xerez, amidst the confusion that prevailed, made his way into the *toril*, and replaced the eye in its socket, and thus they found it when they went to sever the nerve by which it hung. They did not think proper to extract it again, because a little inflammation had already set in, and they must have caused him fresh suffering. Moreover they were convinced, in those early moments, that the hemorrhage could not be restrained, and that he would shortly die. The doctor told me also that the eye must inevitably perish. Such is the present unhappy condition of our dear Dominguez; but he is great even in misfortune, and no one has heard him utter a single complaint."



GOVERNOR BRIGHAM YOUNG, OF UTAH TERRITORY.

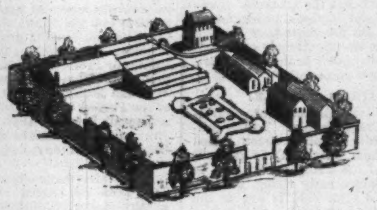


ELDER HEBER C. KIMBALL.

SALT LAKE AND ITS RULERS.

BY JOHN HYDE, JUN., LATE RESIDENT AT SALT LAKE CITY.

ABOUT two thousand miles west of New York, in 40° 45′ N. lat. and 112° W. long., is Salt Lake City. Separated as well from the western frontier as from the Pacific coast, by dreary, timberless prairies, sand plains, high mountains, and rapid rivers, the Mormons form an isolated people, and their home is almost shut out from the rest of the world. After two months' tedious and fatiguing traveling over deserts and mountains, the view of the city bursts upon one like a gleam of sunshine on a stormy day. We emerge from a sinuous mountain gorge, and the valley is before us. It looks bleak and barren; not a tree or stream to be seen from our point of view, except black, inaccessible pines on the tops of the mountains behind us, and the Kanyon Creek by our side. A low, irregular range of hills rises about thirty miles in front and close in the valley, that looks like a sand plain. Were it not for the knowledge that life and homes are under the brow of the rolling bench on which we stand, we should feel disgusted. We observe that around and above us, for several hundred feet, there are regular level lines of sand and soil on the mountain sides, and we can trace them distinctly as far as we can see. We remark also that the rocks rise in abrupt, jagged peaks above these levels. Those lines are called "benches." They were produced by water, and were the ancient shores of the blue lake, of which we can just catch a glimpse, about thirty-five miles to the northwest. Valleys smiling with vegetation and swarming with life were once the salted beds of this vast inland sea; mountain ranges were its rocky and escarped islands; ravines were its straits; and sweeping hollows its unknown gulfs. It was then many score of times larger than it now is. At present it measures nearly seventy miles long from north to south, and thirty miles wide from east to west. It is still constantly diminishing in size; and many can remember when they rowed their flat-boat, in plenty of water, where there are now mud flats coated with a dazzling layer of salt. Out of the lake rise several abrupt islands, in some of which, although surrounded by the strongest natural brine in the world, there are beautiful springs of cold and deliciously fresh water.

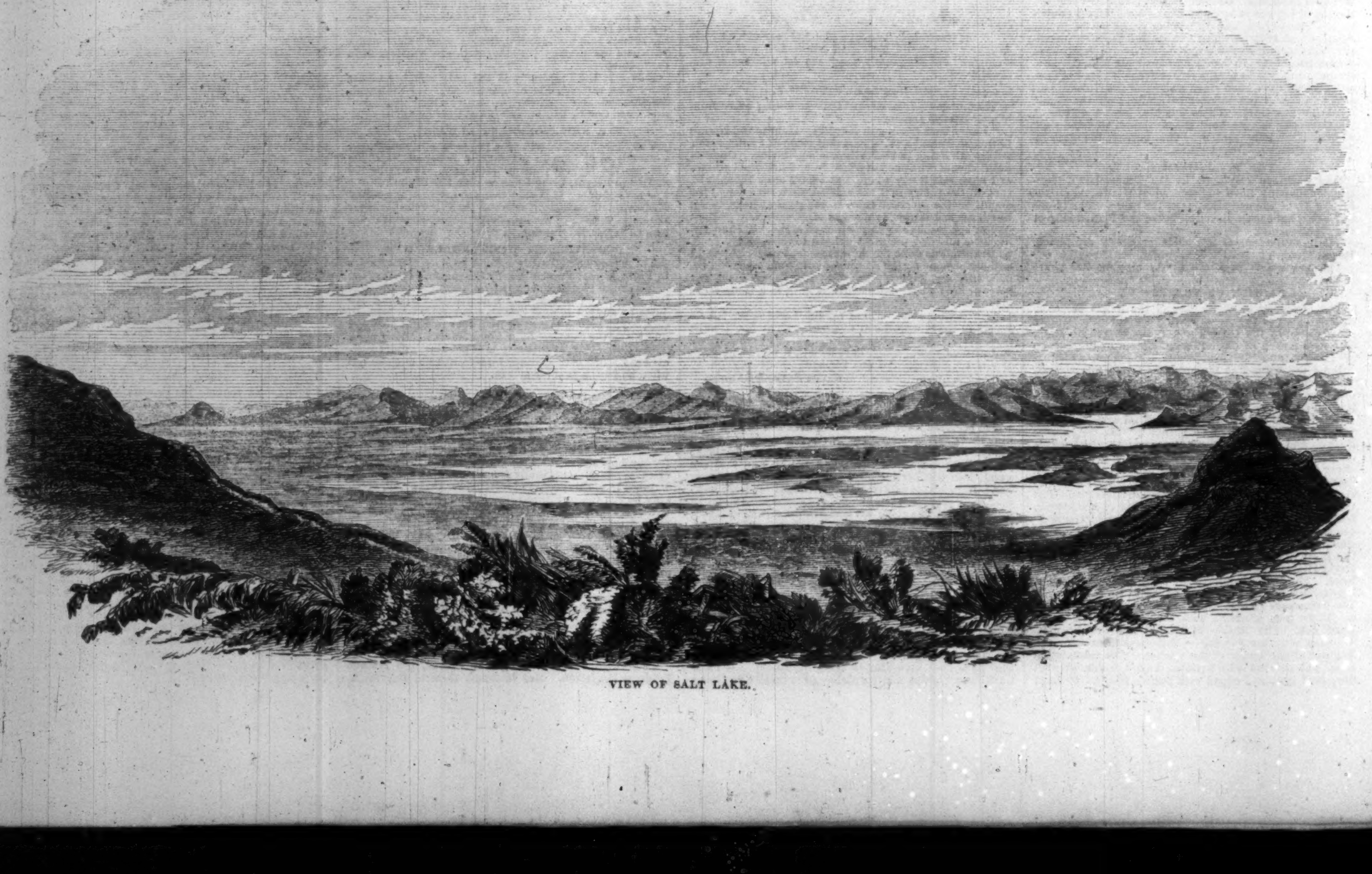


TEMPLE BLOCK, WITH TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

The water of the lake is more strongly impregnated with salt than the Dead Sea of Palestine, which it might almost be imagined to resemble, were it not that while that sea is 1000 feet *below*, this lake is 4200 feet *above* the level of the ocean. It forms the reservoir of the great central basin of the interior, and for 500 miles from north to south, and 350 miles from east to west, all the rivers empty themselves into this receptacle. The specific gravity of its water, varying according to the quantity of fresh water it receives at the different seasons, is from 1·16 to 1·18. It contains more than 22 per cent. of mineral salts in solution, and is so buoyant in consequence as to render sinking or complete submersion impossible. Quite a singular sensation is produced by this singular property, any one being able to stand in it, and it, of course, offering equal resistance to motion through as to sinking in it. A negro can bathe in it, and, by remaining a few moments in the sun, become *a crystallized white man!* Numerous salt boileries are in active operation on the shores; and from four gallons of water they obtain nearly one gallon of clean dry salt. From an analysis made by Dr. L. D. Gale, one hundred parts by weight of water were found to give 22·422 solid contents; of this, 20·196 were common salt, 1·834 sulphate of soda, 0·252 chlorid of magnesium, and a trace of chlorid of calcium. It is destitute of any organic life, strangles the taster, and is frequently agitated by very violent storms.

We glance at the lake and retrace our steps to the city. We pass a boiling sulphur and warm chalybeate and Harrow-gate springs, which well from the solid rock and form large pools; cross broad saleratus lakes, that lie glistening, with their coatings of alkali, in the sun, and we stop at the north gate of the City Wall.

This wall is made of mud and straw baked into cement. It is twelve feet high, six feet wide at the base, gradually lessening till it becomes two and a half feet on top. It is defended by a wide, deep moat in front, and bastions at semi-musket range. These bastions are pierced with loop-holes, to afford a front and flank fire in case of an attack. This wall encircles the whole city, and can be traced, like a black belt, crossing ravines and spurs of mountains. When it is remembered that the Mormons have only been there about ten years, it appears quite an undertaking; and quite a ridiculous undertaking when it is considered that the hills rise abruptly round it, and that a man can get high enough, and yet be sufficiently near to kill with a rifle any one inside the city, and the

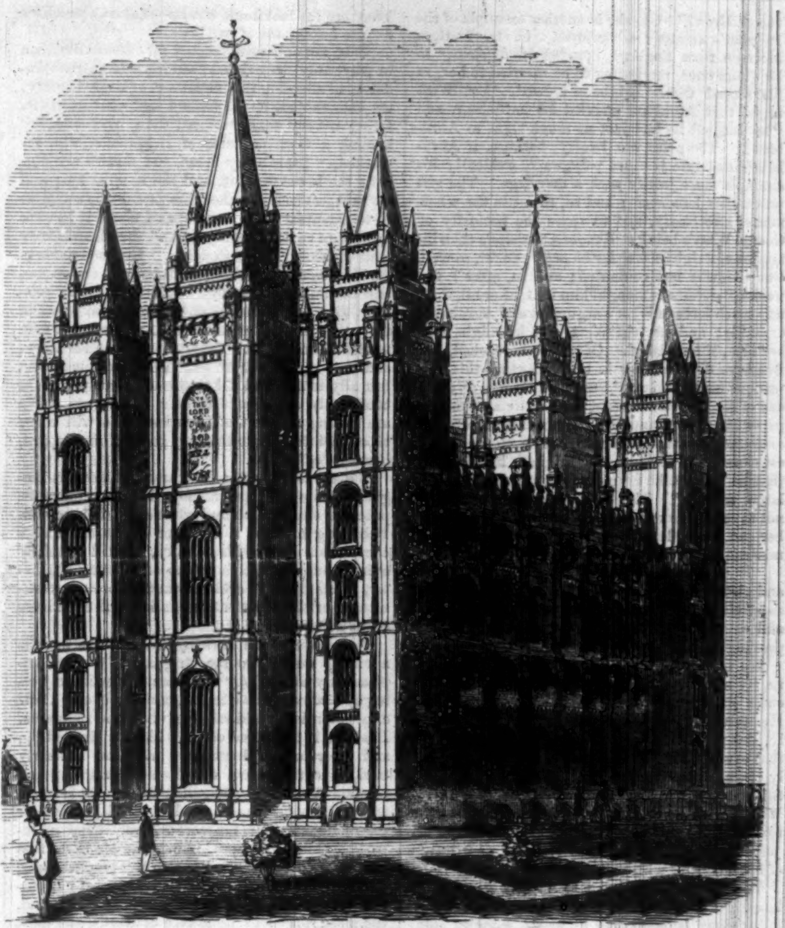


VIEW OF SALT LAKE.

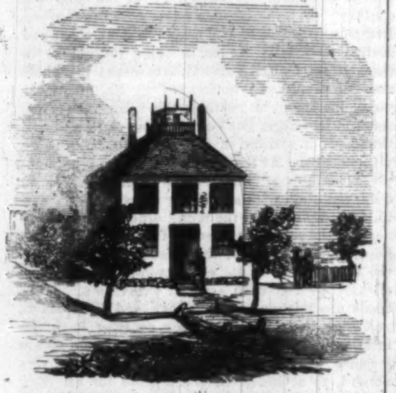
wall be no more obstacle than a thread paper. This wall was one of Brigham's *ruses* to keep the people constantly employed, and accustom them to the idea of having to *defend themselves* at some future day.

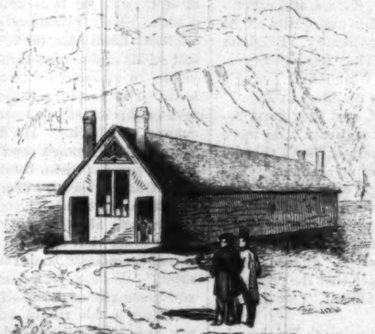
We enter at the north gate of this city wall, climb an elevation to our left, and Salt Lake City lies before us. It is a small city spread over a large surface. It has about 15,000 inhabitants, and covers an area of six square miles. Of these 15,000 inhabitants, at least 10,000 are females. A large proportion of the men in this city are polygamists; almost all the "authorities of Zion" live here with families comprising from *twenty-five* to *two* wives each, and there are many more girls than boys born. This proportion is increased by many married men being absent on missions; and would be still larger were it not for the number of single young men who are compelled to be bachelors from the scarcity of single females. This population is perfectly heterogeneous; at least two-thirds are English and Scotch people. Welsh, Danes, and Americans compose the remaining third part. I think that certainly not over one-sixth of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City are Americans; and they are generally from the Western frontiers, with the narrow prejudices and ignorance common to their birth-place.

The city is divided into square blocks containing ten acres each, and intersected at right angles by streets one hundred and thirty-two feet wide. At the edges of the sidewalks flow little streams of cold, clear water. These are conducted over all the city; they are obtained from several of the many mountain creeks that pour down their melted snows into the Salt Lake. Their water is used for irrigating the soil, without which neither spring flowers, early vegetables, nor cereals could be cultivated. Along the margins of these streams—which materially help to enhance the beauty of the place, as well as increase the comfort of the inhabitants—are planted many cotton-wood, locust, and other rapidly-growing trees. Their green liveries give the city a very charming relief, in contrast with the desert and desolate valley. From our point of view (*vide* engraving), Heber C. Kimball's block of buildings are to our right. To our right, a little below, is the Temple block, surrounded by a wall and trees. Parallel with this is the Tithing Office—here are deposited the contributions of the faithful. On a line with this are the buildings of Brigham Young.


NEW TEMPLE TO BE BUILT AT SALT LAKE CITY.

Let us pay Brother Brigham a visit. It is about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Brigham is most probably at his office, and will receive us affably. We pass the Tithing Office; notice that it is a large *adobé* building, with several offices attached, where the workmen obtain their flour and provisions. We observe a group of women, with generally common and pale faces, who are waiting for their "men's pay," which they have to almost beg from the surly fellow who attends to them. These small houses we pass next are the mansions in which D. W. Wells's wives reside. They are almost mud hovels. Mr. Wells is a "prophet, seer, and revelator," as well as second counselor to Brigham. He has some six ladies in his sanctified harem; two of them are sisters, and *report* says they often manage to get up any thing but the heavenly scenes befitting such a paradise begun. We next come to Brigham's orchard. He is a great lover of fruit, and has a great family who are great lovers of fruit too. They, however, are carefully excluded from the orchard; peach-trees and apple-trees would soon be desolate else. Here is the "Lion House." This is a long house, with the first story in stone. In front, on the top of this first story, is a very well sculptured lion, with his head dropped on to his stretched paw. This is intended to represent Brigham Young—"quiet but watchful." In this house some seventeen or eighteen of the prophet's wives reside. Brigham used to have them scattered over different parts of the city, in houses of all sorts of sizes and styles. He says, however, *and of course no one would have suspected such a thing if the prophet had not said so,* "he could not trust them out of his sight," and so he had to put them all together. We will get Brigham to allow us the privilege of peeping at them presently; for, although a second sultan, he does not command his ladies to *veil* in the presence of strangers. If he be in a good-humor with the party, he seems rather proud of the long row of good-looking faces.


COUNCIL HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.


THE TABERNACLE.

We remark the pointed gable and little peaked garrets on the "Lion House," and pass on. We walk by three little neat offices, and then stand in front of Brigham Young's mansion. This is a handsome two-story edifice, built of *adobé*, nicely plastered and dazzlingly white. It is balconied from foundations to roof. On the top is an observatory, whence Brigham can overlook the dreary city and the dull valley, and sometimes take a peep at the stars, whose bright eyes seem to dance with mirth as they quiz Salt Lake and its doings. The whole is surmounted by an imitation bee-hive, which is intended as the symbol of Utah.

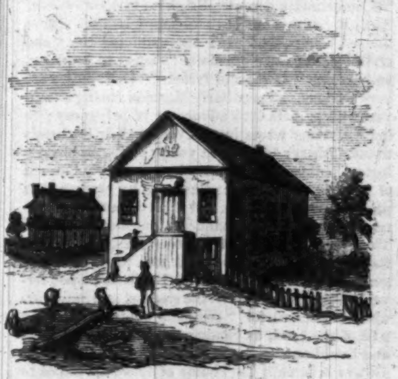
We open the gate, walk up the steps, when the door opens, and face to face, on his own door-sill, we confront the famous prophet Brigham Young.

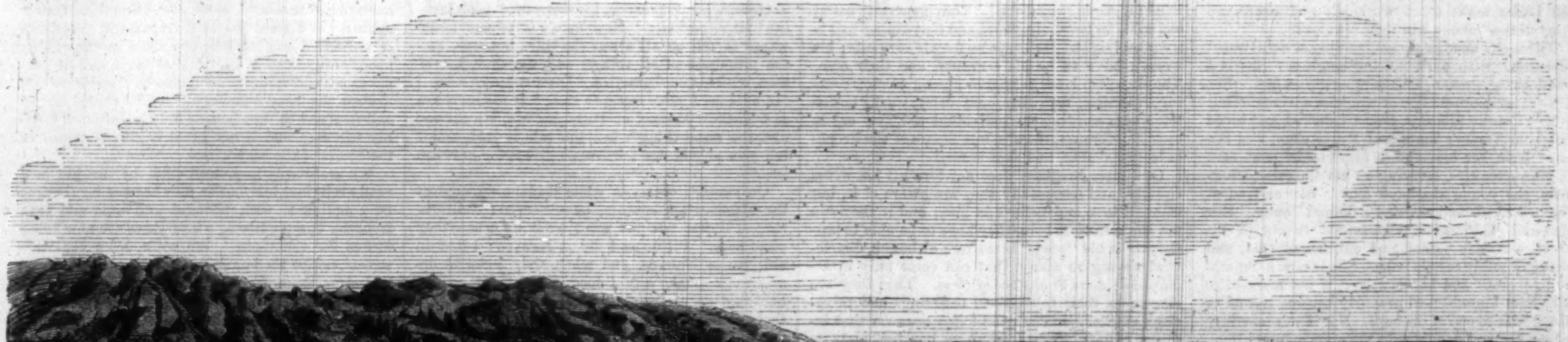
In person he is above the medium height and a little inclined to corpulency. He is dressed in black cloth, and, although the air is very warm, he is well wrapped up in an overcoat. His habits of life make him very sensitive to the slightest change in the atmosphere. He has suffered a good deal in his younger days, and with this the cares of his family—for his children are very refractory—begin to weigh heavily upon him. His constant struggles and difficulties with the United States officers not only try his patience, but also wear his body. His consuming anxiety about his object of ambition—the establishment of an independent kingdom—and his efforts to maintain the people in constant and implicit submission, are sufficient to leave their mark on any man's physique. He is now fifty-six years old; and, although young-looking in features, still evinces his age in person. His face is indicative of penetration and firmness. Some ladies think him very handsome; but his lower lip, if nothing else, eminently betrays the sensual voluptuary. To strangers he is very courteous, but easily offended by any slighting allusion to the people or their polygamy.

"Good-evening, Mr. Young. Will you permit us to inspect your mansion?"

"Certainly, gentlemen; and, as I have a spare hour, I will chaperon you myself."

Blessing our stars for our good fortune, we follow our host into his drawing-room. There sits a good-natured lady, "fat, fair," and *fifty*. She is Brigham's senior wife, and is called Lady Young. There sits another person, about thirty, who smiles very sweetly at Brigham on his entrance. She is very good-looking, tall and majestic in figure, oval features, soft blue eyes, light brown hair, and wearing an expression of subdued intelligence. She is Brigham's favorite wife; that is, he shows


MORMON THEATRE.


SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

her the most attention. Emeline is Brigham's third wife. He was married to her, I believe, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and she has borne him six children, most of them being now dead. Brigham liked Emeline so well that he thought he would like another from the same parent tree, and therefore married her sister.

There sits another lady, merrily singing to a fat boy baby. She is a dark-haired and black-eyed houri. She is the last wife of Brigham—and "thereby hangs a tale." Eliza saw and loved Brigham Young. She was but a child, almost unknown, and her affection seemed hopeless. But she had read in the Old Testament that Jacob served seven years to get a wife; she thought it a very good thing, too, that he did so, and conceived the glorious thought that perhaps what Jacob did to get a wife, she might do in order to obtain a husband. She went to Lady Young, and made the proposition. Brigham was consulted on this rather novel method of getting a wife, and as Eliza was very good-looking, and her services very desirable, of course he had no objection. She served her time, demanded her wages, and obtained her "undivided moiety" of Brother Brigham. It was an attachment on her part worthy a better object. Brigham calls her baby "My English boy," as she happens to be the only English wife he has retained.

There sits another lady. She is worthy to be looked at. About forty years of age, with square brow, thin, straight nose, emaciated and compressed lips, cold, freezing, gray eyes, high cheek-bones, and angular jaws, is "Zion's poetess." Eliza R. Snow is a woman of decided ability. She is the representative of another class of Brigham's household. She was among the first extra ladies of Joseph Smith. The Mormons contend that a man's future glory depends entirely on his children; the more children, consequently, the more glory; no children, no glory: hence, therefore, the more women, the more glorious; no woman, *not glorious at all!* All the children a woman may have after she has been "sealed" to a man, belong to that man, irrespective of any other claims he may possess to paternity. She may have had them by a previous husband who died or was divorced; she may have had them by a subsequent husband, to whom she was married after the demise of the man to whom she was sealed; or she may have had them *by a duly-appointed proxy, during any temporary absence of her sealed husband;* whatever the time, and whoever the person, her children belong to the family of her sealed lord and master. Hence, after Smith died, so that he might not sacrifice any glory by his unfortunate decease, Brigham *took his widows!* Eliza R. Snow is one of these happy ladies. These blessed beings, who have consummated the "end and object of their existence!" cease to be *wives*, and become "*Mothers* in Israel." Their duties are very various, and peculiarly Mormon; being to convert young girls into advocates of polygamy; to induce young wives into advising their husbands to take others; to instruct young brides in physiological philosophy; to meet in a weekly "Council of Health," attended exclusively by women, but presided over by a man, and there debate, quite unreservedly, the most indelicate questions, etc., etc. They form a species of Matron Club, and devote themselves to gossip, scandal, and tea-drinking in general; and are universally Brigham's most fervent disciples, as well as the sternest and most garulous advocates for "complete submission to the will of the Lord, as coming through His prophets and lively oracles." Brigham, however, does not always reverence the claims of these old ladies to respect, and throws in among them many a firebrand of contention. They are supposed to be fully versed in "the mysteries of the kingdom," and they talk outrageous nonsense on the most recondite subjects. God, angels, eternity, creation of matter, and the insolvable problem of good and evil, these old ladies make short work of; and snuff and "mysteries" abound in their réunions.

There sits another person, smiling at a girl about seventeen, with dark flowing ringlets. She is a fine-looking woman, although now past age. She illustrates another class of Brigham's wives. That is Mrs. Cobb. She saw, heard, believed, and loved Brigham Young; embraced Mormonism, and ran away from her husband, a respectable gentleman in Massachusetts, carrying off her daughter, Charlotte, the young ringleted lady. She arrived at Council Bluffs and married Brigham Young. Her husband, half-crazed, endeavored to obtain his child, but was baffled and out-manœuvred, and they got safely to Salt Lake. She is now a "mother in Israel," and her daughter, if not married to Brigham himself, will probably become second or third wife to one of his boys. Nor is this marriage of mother and daughter to the same man at all unusual at Salt Lake. One man with whom I was acquainted there has *three sisters and their mother married to him, and he lives with them all!* I know several instances of mother and one daughter being married to the same man, and could mention their names. However atrocious this may appear to benighted Gentiles, it is not the slightest stumbling-block to enlightened Saints!

There sits another lady, about forty-five years of age. She is also the time-worn wreck of a handsome woman. Brigham has very good taste! She is bound to the Prophet by another tie. Mrs. Poulterer—her husband, I believe, still living—heard of and loved Joseph Smith, in 1854. "But Smith had been dead ten years!" remarks the astonished reader. That may seem an insuperable difficulty to you, my friend, but it is nothing to Mormonism. As Brigham Young could be Smith's agent in taking his widows to perpetuate his kingdom, why should he not, *pari passu*, marry *new wives* for Smith, for the same object? However ridiculously apparent this sophism may be to you, it is gospel logic to them. Accordingly Mrs. Poulterer, good soul! was married to Brigham—he kindly acting as Joseph Smith's agent in the whole affair. She gave up her entire property to the Church, and, of course, was soon much respected. "But who is that tall, bright, black-eyed person romping with the children?" Oh, she is another example of the Prophet's amatory adventures. G. D. Watt, a Mormon from England, brought *his half-sister* to Brigham once, requesting to be married to her, as his second wife. Brigham refused. Mr. Watt urged that Abraham married *his* half-sister, and "he guessed he had just as much right as Abraham!" The point was knotty, because, if Abraham's example justifies polygamy, evidently his example must justify such a marriage. The girl was rather handsome; and so, to settle the whole matter effectually, and to spare the necessity of George Watt's being still more Abrahamic than his brethren, Brigham *took her himself!* So far, so well. But she was not contented; and so, after a few weeks, Brigham bethought him that, after all, there was much force in Watt's argument and Abraham's example; and he told Watt that he might take her *then*, if he wished. Of course he wished, and Brigham divorced her in order to effect this convenient compromise. Now Mr. George Watt is one of the "faithful saints," and quite a prominent person in the community. Since this unfortunate *contretemps*, which was unpalatable to the toughest conscience of them all, Brigham has declared that he will "take no more wives, as his family is large enough." This declaration, however, does not save him from being *asked by many*. I remember one young lady who is trying to pine herself miserable for the love of Brigham—

> "Sighing and weeping for love of him;"

and although she has been directly refused, is just as obstinately determined to "hope against hope," and says "She'll have him or nobody." She is proving her faith by her works.

We bow to the ladies; and Brigham conducts us, by a narrow passage, into his lion house. We enter on a corridor with room-doors at each side. He opens one, and we peep in, and see a very neatly, but plainly furnished apartment. We notice that every thing is in the best order, and dazzlingly clean. He opens another door, and we observe this apartment is the exact counterpart of the first. With a slight gesture and smile, as he indicates the row of doors, says he, "Gentlemen, they are all just alike!" These are the sleeping apartments of his wives, of which they have one each.

We are then conducted to a noisy part of the house. Here, in a busy work-room, is a bevy of industrious ladies—some at looms, some at spinning-wheels, some at quilting-frames: and high above the clatter of battens, shuttles, and wheels, rises the sound of women's voices. They hush into silence on seeing Brother Brigham, who then tells us how many pounds of wool they have spun, knitted, and wove; the yards of linsey, flannel, and carpeting they have made. Stockings and quilts are at quite a premium in this private factory. Brigham makes all his ladies work. They have to be examples to all the women of Utah; and Young's hobby-cry is, "There must be no idlers in Zion!" He is a working man himself, and they must become so likewise. "If a woman can't do more than her share in sustaining herself," says this domestic economist, "she ain't of no account." Expensive though his family might otherwise be, they are thus made, in reality, productive of wealth. Dressed in calicoes, or, on very extraordinary occasions, in muslins and delaines, they are not very expensive to their lord and master. Indeed, Brigham has the conscience to preach that the prophecy of Isaiah should be literally fulfilled. (*See* Isaiah, iv., 1.)

The number of women belonging to Brigham is not really known by any one except himself. He has some *twenty-five* around him. These live in his two houses and in some adjacent cottages. He intends to see them all *once a day*, if possible; if not then, at least once a week. Should he be sick, however desirous any of his wives might be to attend on him, of course they have to be excluded. Twenty-five women in a sick chamber would be no trifle for deranged nerves! They generally eat at one table in the dining-hall, and that dining-hall is a curious sight. He keeps no female servants; his women have to be his servants, and their own. The domestic labor is shared among them; cooking, washing, repairing, and dairy work, is distributed according to individual ability; or, in case of difference, the absolute *dictum* of the Prophet is appealed to, and that is final.

Of course Brigham does not love all his wives equally, and necessarily they are aware of it, but they all love and believe in him; and if they can not share his *love* here, they hope to be able to participate in his "*glory*" hereafter; although, distributed among so many, that can come only in *homeopathic doses to any one of them.* That they are sincere in their faith, their sufferings and privations evince. It can not be *licentiousness* that induces twenty women to share one husband; to have their woman's love neglected, their woman's heart crushed, their woman's jealousy constantly aroused, and yet continually stifled. Deluded—outrageously, monstrously deluded—they are, but *their* intentions and their conduct are *pure*.

He necessarily must have had many children; but, for the number of his wives, his family is comparatively small. Very many of his children are dead. Hardly one of Smith's children by his extra wives has survived. It was so with Mohammed, and it is so with Young. It is Nature's argument against polygamy. Brigham's houses are filled with his women; their offspring are in their graves. Of those surviving, he has several married. Boys and girls surrounded by such illustrious examples, constantly hearing the most shameless conversations and allusions, can not help but be precocious. They hear and see till they think, and think till they try to imitate. Some remedy has to be adopted. Brigham has adopted that of *early marriages*. "Boys ought to be married at fourteen and fifteen; girls at thirteen and fourteen," says Kimball. "Boys should be married and still live with their father," says the patriarchal Brigham. That neglect of offspring, inability to provide for and educate them, great mortality among the children of these juvenile polygamists should be found, is not surprising. They are the inevitable results—Nature's penalties for the infractions of her laws.

As he not only imitates, but far exceeds Judaism in polygamy, so Brigham attempts to surpass Judaism in adopting the institution of negro slavery. On this subject he is pointed and characteristic. Isaac, a very smart colored man, was one day holding a favorite horse of Brigham's, who remarked, "There's my horse, and there's my nigger; the horse is mine, and Ike is mine too; and I would just as freely shoot the rascal who attempted to persuade Ike to run off, as I would if he were to attempt running off my horse." Brigham is very fond of talking about shooting. He once remarked, "I always carry two loaded revolvers on me, and the man who touches me, to take me as prisoner, dies. In the name of the Lord I have spoken it!" On another occasion he commanded a man named Albert Smith "to clear out of the Territory, and that right straight too," and threatened most brutally to kill him if he refused to comply. He confidently anticipates trouble, and boasts, "We are raising up a set of boys here who will carry blood and thunder to the very gates of the Capitol, if needs be."

We are struck with his coarse but nervous language, his wild way of *talking;* but yet admire the practical cast of his mind when *action* is involved. Deceiving himself, a degrader of women, and a conspirator against his country, he still certainly evinces administrative genius of a strong character, in his singular arbitrary and absolute government over the affections, credulity, and even lives of his adherents.

We return to the drawing-room, where there is a visitor waiting to see Brigham. We are unpleasantly affected by this man. Under projecting eyebrows roll two bright, cunning eyes. Their expression is sly and rat-like, vivid and repulsive. His nose is thick and coarse; his lips pinched up, and their angles depressed; his head is nearly bald, over the crown of which he drags up and plasters down a few straggling hairs. He is large, tall, and strongly made. Only a few days younger than Brigham, he is far more robust. Brigham introduces him as Heber C. Kimball. He is the first counselor to Young, and is also a "prophet, seer, and revelator." He delights to call himself "Brother Brigham's *echo*." He has a very shallow mind, the most ridiculous ignorance of words, the most sublime contempt for learning, and yet the most egregious vanity as a man of "*discernment, knowledge, and eloquence.*"

He boasts that he has more wives than Brigham Young. This may be true, but I only know of *eighteen!* He is as brutal a husband as he is a man. Most ridiculously jealous, he takes the slightest family matter to the pulpit on Sabbath, and scolds and tongue-lashes his unfortunate dupes before an audience of two or three thousand persons. The people say that he "reproaches and rebukes his wives in meeting because they can not answer him back." He demands to read all the letters all his women send or receive, and has forbidden some of them from writing to England to their friends, because complaint or dissatisfaction might be expressed. Deceitful and crafty himself, he suspects all his family, and requires to know every thing that is taking place. He is the paragon of sycophants, and Young calls him a "model saint." He is very inflammatory in his speeches, and it sometimes defies all ingenuity to attach any meaning to his ribald nonsense. Lindley Murray and Kirkham would howl in agony at his ruthless butchery of the English vernacular. He openly denounces all governments but that of the "church," and declares his intention of destroying and tearing down every other. He is peculiarly ferocious on the adversaries of Mormonism. I have heard some characteristic things from him in his Sabbath ministrations at the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City.

Once, when expressing his scorn for "book larnin'," he remarked: "Now here's Professor Pratt wants to tell us all about the third heavens, and the principles of all things, and the thoughts of men, with his mathematics. [*Pratt corrected him.*] He tells me I mean metaphysics; but metaphysics and Mathew Mattox or Polly Mattox, it's all one and the same thing when the tale is told, and I tell you angels don't know no difference between 'em."

On another occasion, while declaiming against the Mormon persecutors, he observed: "Brethring, I'll jest tell yer what we'll do when they come here. I'll do as I did at Nauvoo: I had an old gun at Nauvoo, and when they came to demand our arms, why I loaded the tarnal critter half-way up to the muzzle, and I prayed to God that the mean cuss who fired it off *might be blowed into a million atoms!*" He is much respected, and more feared. They dread to irritate him; for, in his malignant soul, resentment means revenge. And yet this man is reverenced as a prophet, seer, and revelator of God by thousands of infatuated people, a few of whom are not only intelligent, but educated, and all of whom are willing to shed their last blood as cement to establish this system, or yield their last breath as an incense of praise and a testimony of their faith.

Let us leave the pair, the prophet and "his *echo*." We retrace our steps, and here, on the corner of the main street, is "The Council House." This is a stone structure forty-five feet square. It was built by the Church, and used as a court-house and legislative hall. Subsequently it has been employed as an "endowment room," but is now occupied by the "Church press." Thence is issued the Mormon weekly newspaper; and from Brigham's office to these premises the Mormon devil often has to run for "copy for the Deseret *News*."

We are now opposite to the Temple Block. It covers an area of ten acres, and is surrounded by an *adobé* wall, with a neat stone coping, around which are trees. We enter the block at the east gate. Right before us are the foundations of the Mormon Temple. This is already—though not quite level with the ground—quite a stupendous undertaking. It is in the shape of a parallelogram, with four octagonal towers—one at each corner. It is intended to measure 193 feet in length from east to west, and 105 feet from north to south, both through the centre of the building. Its entrance will front the east, with a massive gateway. Its foundations, which are foolishly costly, are of solid rock. They are sixteen feet deep, and as much wide. With the wall surrounding the block, they have already cost $1,000,000 in labor and materials—more than the entire cost of the whole Nauvoo Temple. It was designed to build it of *adobé* from the first story upward, but they have now resolved to erect it entirely of cut stone. Its plans are publicly exhibited, and, should it ever be completed, it will form a very magnificent pile. Its architecture will be original, and is meant to be allegorical. The buttresses at the first story will represent the moon in all its phases; at the second tier, the sun in all its phases; at the basement ceiling, a series of globes, changing their positions on each buttress, beginning with the southeast corner. On the side-buttresses will be Saturn, with his rings and satellites. All these are to be of sculptured sandstone. Besides these, to use the Mormon sententious style, "Every stone will have its moral lesson, and all will point to the celestial world." To the right are the work-shops of the artisans employed on the Temple. They are supported by the tithing contributed by the people. Ill clothed and half starved, hundreds are obliged to work here, because unable to obtain any other employment. They are paid in any thing that is brought in "as tithing," after the leading men have had their selection of articles. By some singular system of book-keeping, although these unfortunate men are never half paid, they are always found *to be in debt*, should they wish to leave. They pretend to pay the most extravagant prices for labor, to produce effect abroad on the minds of the poor saints. But they charge still more exorbitantly for articles, and never pay in money, so that in reality they are miserably paid.

At the northwest corner of this block is the Tabernacle. This is an *adobé* building, and is 126 feet long and 64 feet wide. The inside is built in the shape of a long, elliptical arch—its span being the width of the building. It is plastered and seated to accommodate 2500 persons. Here, on Sabbath, Brigham Young and his coadjutors give the word of the Lord to the people. It is generally well filled. Adjoining this is the Bowery—a wooden frame erection which will accommodate 8000 persons. At their half-yearly conferences this immense square is completely filled, although at its extremities they can only *see*, but not *hear* the speaker. It is a singular scene to witness when Brigham gets full of his prophetical afflatus, and desires, especially, to curse some individual or threaten the United States Government; the whole mass of people will be swayed by his full, clear voice, his energetic gestures, his coarse thoughts, couched in vulgar but vigorous language, and will thunder out stentorian "Amens" to his profane vituperation. At the southwest corner of the Temple Block is the "Endowment House." It is an *adobé* building, with singularly narrow doors; and in it is administered the secret orders, sacred ordinances, and solemn mysteries of Mormonism. The house, in the minds of these fanatics, partakes of the holy nature of its ceremonies, and is consequently viewed with especial veneration. Hundreds are initiated every year; and both before and after their initiation they consider it as the most sacred action of their lives. Their elders promise the "endowment" to their neophytes abroad, as a God-given recompense for all their sufferings and privations. They are forbidden, under penalty of death, to reveal any thing of its mysteries; and their ambiguous laudits only more effectually excite aspiration, and enhance its value in the estimation of their votaries. It consists of ridiculous representations of parts of the Bible, bastardized masonry, oaths of continual antipathy against the United States Government, covenants of unlimited and implicit obedience to the priesthood, obligations of inviolate secrecy, and of connivance at all iniquity by a vow to "speak no evil against the Lord's anointed." The chains forged and fastened in that house bind the initiated terribly together, and is one great engine of power in the hands of the authorities.

We are deeply impressed with the thought how easily religious infatuation may become legal crime by coupling it with political ambition, and turn from the Temple Block, whose gates are now being locked for the night. We walk down the wide streets, notice the houses built in all sorts of shapes and sizes, from the mud hovel and log hut to the comfortable mansion, and of every shade of color from decided dirt to dull white. We observe that all are built twenty feet back from the fences, and that the centres of the blocks are generally well cultivated. We remark many thousands of peach-trees that thrive in this city, and a few shade-trees in places. We pass a few roughly-dressed persons, some of whom look inquisitively at us, while others frown, and we can catch the mutter through the clenched teeth, "The cursed Gentiles!"

We now approach the Mormon theatre. It is an *adobé* building, 73 feet long by 33 feet wide. During the winter season there is a Mormon amateur company, who perform representations from Shakspeare's tragedies to Coleman's farces. There are more farces than tragedies performed, from the fact that Brigham prefers to laugh and make the people laugh. He is a regular attender, having two whole seats appropriated to his family, and much amusement may often be derived from seeing him "shake his bulky sides, and deeply laugh." Here in this hall the Mormon authorities "teach the young idea," not to *shoot*, but to "shake the light fantastic toe." These balls are always well attended. Brigham works hard in the ball-room, never missing "his number." He and Kimball have sometimes had fifteen to twenty ladies there between them, without any other male escort. As they are very jealous, nothing but cotillions, *contre-danses*, and reels are danced, as waltzes, polkas, schottishes, etc., would "make people too intimate and familiar, and *perhaps* WORSE!" The number of females is always twice that of the males present at these balls, and some Mormon genius has invented cotillions with two ladies to each gentleman.

Salt Lake City is rapidly increasing, much emigration constantly coming in. Manufactories of various kinds are growing up; and although the people have suffered from short crops for the last three seasons, and snows in the winter, that are growing deeper every season, are killing their cattle, they believe that the destiny of their city is immortality with themselves. Nature seems at war with them. When they went there, in 1847, they found large mountain streams, some rain in the summer, and not very deep snow in the winter. Their crops were fabulous as to quantity and quality. The summers are becoming more and more arid. The trees are being cut down on the mountains; springs are drying up and streams shrinking in consequence. Failure of water for irrigation, when more is being constantly and increasingly needed, makes hard labor and scarcity of harvest. Grasshoppers have for the last three years ravaged their farms, blue worms and smut their wheat. Snows, for three winters, have buried up the feed, and cattle have died by hundreds. Last winter the snow there was deeper than ever; this spring rain is scarcer than ever. None but Mormons could have lived there so long, and, to judge the future by the past, even Mormons will not be able to live there much longer.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XII.

In which it is shown that a man does this or declines to do that for reasons best known to himself—a reserve which is extremely conducive to the social interests of a community; since the conjecture into the origin and nature of those reasons stimulates the inquiring faculties, and furnishes the staple of modern conversation. And as it is not to be denied that, if their neighbors left them nothing to guess at, three-fourths of civilized humankind, male or female, would have nothing to talk about; so we can not too gratefully encourage that needful curiosity, termed, by the inconsiderate, tittle-tattle or scandal, which saves the vast majority of our species from being reduced to the degraded condition of dumb animals.

THE next day the sitting was renewed; but Waife did not go out, and the conversation was a little more restrained; or rather, Waife had the larger share in it. The comedian, when he pleased, could certainly be very entertaining. It was not so much in what he said, as his manner of saying it. He was a strange combination of sudden extremes, at one while on a tone of easy but not undignified familiarity with his visitors, as if their equal in position, their superior in years; then abruptly, humble, deprecating, almost obsequious, almost servile; and then, again, jerked, as it were, into pride and stiffness, falling back, as if the effort were impossible, into meek dejection. Still, the prevalent character of the man's mood and talk was social, quaint, cheerful. Evidently he was, by original temperament, a droll and joyous humorist, with high animal spirits; and, withal, an infantine simplicity at times, like the clever man who never learns the world, and is always taken in.

A circumstance, trifling in itself, but suggestive of speculation either as to the character or antecedent circumstances of Gentleman Waife, did not escape Vance's observation. Since his rupture with Mr. Rugge, there was a considerable amelioration in that affection of the trachea which, while his engagement with Rugge lasted, had rendered the comedian's dramatic talents unavailable on the stage. He now expressed himself without the pathetic hoarseness or cavernous wheeze which had previously thrown a wet blanket over his efforts at discourse. But Vance put no very stern construction on the dissimulation which this change seemed to denote. Since Waife was still one-eyed and a cripple, he might very excusably shrink from reappearance on the stage, and affect a third infirmity to save his pride from the exhibition of the two infirmities that were genuine.

That which most puzzled Vance was that which had most puzzled the Cobbler—What could the man once have been?—how fallen so low?—for fall it was! that was clear. The painter, though not himself of patrician extraction, had been much in the best society. He had been a petted favorite in great houses. He had traveled. He had seen the world. He had the habits and the instincts of good society.

Now, in what the French term the *beau monde*, there are little traits that reveal those who have entered it—certain tricks of phrase, certain modes of expression—even the pronunciation of familiar words, even the modulation of an accent. A man of the most refined bearing may not have these peculiarities; a man, otherwise coarse and brusque in his manner, may. The slang of the *beau monde* is quite apart from the code of high-breeding. Now and then, something in Waife's talk seemed to show that he had lighted on that beau-world; now and then, that something wholly vanished. So that Vance might have said, "He has been admitted there, not inhabited it."

Yet Vance could not feel sure, after all; comedians are such takes-in. But was the man, by the profession of his earlier life, a comedian? Vance asked the question adroitly.

"You must have taken to the stage young?" said he.

"The stage!" said Waife; "if you mean the public stage—no. I have acted pretty often in youth, even in childhood, to amuse others, never professionally to support myself, till Mr. Rugge civilly engaged me four years ago."

"Is it possible—with your excellent education! But pardon me; I have hinted my surprise at your late vocation before, and it displeased you."

"Displeased me!" said Waife, with an abject, depressed manner; "I hope I said nothing that would have misbecome a poor broken vagabond like me. I am no prince in disguise—a good-for-nothing varlet who should be too grateful to have something to keep himself from a dunghill."

LIONEL. "Don't talk so. And but for your accident you might now be the great attraction on the metropolitan stage. Who does not respect a really fine actor?"

WAIFE (gloomily). "The Metropolitan Stage! I was talked into it; I am glad even of the accident that saved me—say no more of that, no more of that. But I have spoiled your sitting: Sophy, you see, has left her chair."

"I have done for to-day," said Vance; "to-morrow, and my task is ended."

Lionel came up to Vance and whispered to him; the painter, after a pause, nodded silently, and then said to Waife—

"We are going to enjoy the fine weather on the Thames (after I have put away these things), and shall return to our inn—not far hence—to sup, at eight o'clock. Supper is our principal meal—we rarely spoil our days by the ceremonial of a formal dinner. Will you do us the favor to sup with us? Our host has a wonderful whisky, which, when raw, is Glenlivat, but, refined into toddy, is nectar. Bring your pipe, and let us hear John Kemble again."

Waife's face lighted up. "You are most kind; nothing I should like so much. But—" and the light fled, the face darkened—"but no; I can not—you don't know—that is—I—I have made a vow to myself to decline all such temptations. I humbly beg you'll excuse me."

VANCE. "Temptations! of what kind—the whisky-toddy?"

WAIFE (puffing away a sigh). "Ah, yes; whisky-toddy if you please. Perhaps I once loved a glass too well, and could not resist a glass too much now; and if I once broke the rule, and became a tippler, what would happen to Juliet Araminta? For her sake, don't press me?"

"Oh, do go, Grandy; he never drinks—never any thing stronger than tea, I assure you, Sir; it can't be that."

"It is, silly child, and nothing else," said Waife positively—drawing himself up. "Excuse me."

Lionel began brushing his hat with his sleeve, and his face worked; at last he said, "Well, Sir, then may I ask another favor? Mr. Vance and I are going to-morrow, after the sitting, to see Hampton Court; we have kept that excursion to the last before leaving these parts. Would you and little Sophy come with us in the boat? we will have no whisky-toddy, and we will bring you both safe home."

WAIFE. "What—I—what—I! You are very young, Sir—a gentleman born and bred, I'll swear; and you to be seen, perhaps by some of your friends or family, with an old vagrant like me, in the Queen's palace—the public gardens! I should be the vilest wretch if I took such advantage of your goodness. 'Pretty company,' they would say, 'you have got into.' With me—with me! Don't be alarmed, Mr. Vance—not to be thought of."

The young men were deeply affected.

"I can't accept that reason," said Lionel, tremulously. "Though I must not presume to derange your habits. But she may go with us, mayn't she? We'll take care of her, and she is dressed so plainly and neatly, and looks such a little lady" (turning to Vance).

"Yes, let her come with us," said the artist, benevolently; though he by no means shared in Lionel's enthusiastic desire for her company. He thought she would be greatly in their way.

"Heaven bless you both!" answered Waife; "and she wants a holiday; she shall have it."

"I'd rather stay with you, Grandy; you'll be so lone."

"No, I wish to be out all to-morrow—the investment! I shall not be alone—making friends with our future companion, Sophy."

"And can do without me already?—heigh-ho!"

VANCE. "So that's settled; good-by to you."

CHAPTER XIII.

Inspiring effect of the Fine Arts: the Vulgar are moved by their exhibition into generous impulses and flights of fancy, checked by the ungracious severities of their superiors, as exemplified in the instance of Cobbler Merle and his Servant-of-All-Work.

THE next day, perhaps with the idea of removing all scruple from Sophy's mind, Waife had already gone after his investment when the friends arrived. Sophy at first was dull and dispirited, but by degrees she brightened up; and when, the sitting over and the picture done (save such final touches as Vance reserved for solitary study), she was permitted to gaze at her own effigy, she burst into exclamations of frank delight. "Am I like that! is it possible? Oh, how beautiful! Mr. Merle, Mr. Merle, Mr. Merle!" and running out of the room before Vance could stop her, she returned with the Cobbler, followed, too, by a thin, gaunt girl, whom he pompously called his housekeeper, but who, in sober truth, was servant-of-all-work. Wife he had none—his horoscope, he said, having Saturn in square to the Seventh House, forbade him to venture upon matrimony. All gathered round the picture; all admired, and with justice—it was a *chef-d'œuvre*. Vance in his maturest day never painted more charmingly. The three pounds proved to be the best outlay of capital he had ever made. Pleased with his work, he was pleased even with that unsophisticated applause.

"You must have Mercury and Venus very strongly aspected," quoth the Cobbler; "and if you have the Dragon's Head in the Tenth House, you may count on being much talked of after you are dead."

"After I am dead!—sinister omen!" said Vance, discomposed. "I have no faith in artists who count on being talked of after they are dead. Never knew a dauber who did not! But stand back—time flies—tie up your hair—put on your bonnet, Titania. You have a shawl?—not tinsel, I hope!—quieter the better. You stay and see to her, Lionel."

Said the gaunt servant-of-all-work to Mr. Merle—"I'd let the gentleman paint me, if he likes it—shall I tell him, master?"

"Go back to the bacon, foolish woman. Why, he gave £3 for her likeness, 'cause of her Benefics! But you'd have to give him three years' wages afore he'd look you straight in the face, 'cause, you see, your Aspects are crooked. And," added the Cobbler, philosophizing, "when the Malefics are dead agin a girl's mug, man is so constituted by natur that he can't take to that mug unless it has a gold handle. Don't fret, 'tis not your fault: born under Scorpio—coarse-limbed—dull complexion—Head of the Dragon aspected of—In fortunes in all four angles!"

CHAPTER XIV.

The Historian takes advantage of the summer hours vouchsafed to the present life of Mr. Waife's grandchild, in order to throw a few gleams of light on her past. He leads her into the Palace of our Kings, and moralizes thereon; and entering the Royal Gardens, shows the uncertainty of Human Events, and the insecurity of British Laws, by the abrupt seizure and constrained deportation of an innocent and unforeboding Englishman.

SUCH a glorious afternoon! The capricious English summer was so kind that day to the child and her new friends! When Sophy's small foot once trod the sward, had she been really Queen of the Green People, sward and footstep could not more joyously have met together. The grasshopper bounded, in fearless trust, upon the hem of her frock; she threw herself down on the grass, and caught him, but, oh, so tenderly; and the gay insect, dear to poet and fairy, seemed to look at her from that quaint, sharp face of his with sagacious recognition, resting calmly on the palm of her pretty hand; then when he sprang off, little moth-like butterflies peculiar to the margins of running waters, quivered up from the herbage, fluttering round her. And there, in front, lay the Thames, glittering through the willows, Vance getting ready the boat, Lionel seated by her side, a child like herself, his pride of incipient manhood all forgotten; happy in her glee—she loving him for the joy she felt—and blending his image evermore in her remembrance with her first summer holiday—with sunny beams—glistening leaves—warbling birds—fairy wings—sparkling waves. Oh to live so in a child's heart—innocent, blessed, angel-like—better, better than the troubled reflection upon woman's later thoughts; better than that mournful illusion, over which tears so bitter are daily shed—better than First Love! They entered the boat. Sophy had never, to the best of her recollection, been in a boat before. All was new to her; the life-like speed of the little vessel—that world of cool, green weeds, with the fish darting to and fro—the musical chime of oars—those distant, stately swans. She was silent now—her heart was very full.

"What are you thinking of, Sophy?" asked Leonard, resting on the oar.

"Thinking—I was not thinking."

"What then?"

"I don't know—feeling, I suppose."

"Feeling what?"

"As if between sleep and waking—as the water perhaps feels, with the sunlight on it!"

"Poetical," said Vance, who, somewhat of a poet himself, naturally sneered at poetical tendencies in others. "But not so bad in its way. Ah, have I hurt your vanity? there are tears in your eyes."

"No, Sir," said Sophy, falteringly. "But I *was* thinking then."

"Ah," said the artist, "that's the worst of it; after feeling ever comes thought—what was yours?"

"I was sorry poor grandfather was not here, that's all."

"It was not our fault; we pressed him cordially," said Lionel.

"You did, indeed, Sir—thank you! And I don't know why he refused you." The young men exchanged compassionate glances.

Lionel then sought to make her talk of her past life—tell him more of Mrs. Crane. Who and what was she?

Sophy could not, or would not, tell. The remembrances were painful; she had evidently tried to forget them. And the people with whom Waife had placed her, and who had been kind?

The Miss Burtons—and they kept a day-school, and taught Sophy to read, write, and cipher. They lived near London, in a lane opening on a great common, with a green rail before the house, and had a good many pupils, and kept a tortoise-shell cat and a canary. Not much to enlighten her listener did Sophy impart here.

And now they neared that stately palace, rich in associations of storm and splendor. The grand Cardinal—the iron-clad Protector; Dutch William of the immortal memory, whom we try so hard to like, and, in spite of the great Whig historian, that Titian of English prose, can only frigidly respect. Hard task for us Britons to like a Dutchman who dethrones his father-in-law and drinks schnaps. Prejudice, certainly; but so it is. Harder still to like Dutch William's unfilial Frau! Like Queen Mary! I could as soon like Queen Goneril! Romance flies from the prosperous, phlegmatic Æneas; flies from his plump Lavinia, his "fidus Achates," Bentinck, flies to follow the poor, deserted, fugitive Stuart, with all his sins upon his head. Kings have no rights divine, except when deposed and fallen; they are then invested with the awe that belongs to each solemn image of mortal vicissitude—Vicissitude that startles the Epicurean, "*insanientis sapientiæ consultus*," and strikes from his careless lyre the notes that attest a God! Some proud shadow chases another from the throne of Cyrus, and Horace hears in the thunder the rush of Diespiter, and identifies Providence with the Fortune that snatches off the diadem in her whirring swoop.* But fronts discrowned take a new majesty to generous natures;—in all sleek prosperity there is something commonplace—in all grand adversity, something royal.

The boat shot to the shore; the young people landed, and entered the arch of the desolate palace. They gazed on the great hall and the presence-chamber and the long suite of rooms, with faded portraits—Vance as an artist, Lionel as an enthusiastic, well-read boy, Sophy as a wondering, bewildered, ignorant child. And then they emerged into the noble garden, with its regal trees. Groups were there of well-dressed persons. Vance heard himself called by name. He had forgotten the London world—forgotten, amidst his midsummer ramblings that the London season was still ablaze—and there, stragglers from the great Focus, fine people, with languid tones and artificial jaded smiles, caught him in his wanderer's dress, and walking side by side with the infant wonder of Mr. Rugge's show, exquisitely neat indeed, but still in a colored print, of a pattern familiar to his observant eye in the windows of many a shop lavish of tickets, and inviting you to come in by the assurance that it is "selling off." The artist stopped, colored, bowed, answered the listless questions put to him with shy haste; he then attempted to escape—they would not let him.

"You *must* come back and dine with us at the Star and Garter," said Lady Selina Vipont. "A pleasant party—you know most of them—the Dudley Slowes, dear old Lady Frost, those pretty ladies Prymme, Janet and Wilhelmina."

"We can't let you off," said sleepily Mr. Crampe, a fashionable wit, who rarely made more than one bon-mot in the twenty-four hours, and spent the rest of his time in a torpid state.

VANCE. "Really you are too kind, but I am not even dressed for—"

LADY SELINA. "So charmingly dressed—so picturesque! Besides, what matters? Every one knows who you are. Where on earth have you been?"

VANCE. "Rambling about, taking sketches."

LADY SELINA (directing her eye-glass toward Lionel and Sophy, who stood aloof). "But your companions, your brother?—and that pretty little girl—your sister, I suppose?"

VANCE (shuddering). "No, not relations. I took charge of the boy—clever young fellow; and the little girl is—"

LADY SELINA. "Yes. The little girl is—"

VANCE. "A little girl as you see; and very pretty, as you say—subject for a picture."

LADY SELINA (indifferently). "Oh, let the children go and amuse themselves somewhere. Now we have found you—positively you are our prisoner."

Lady Selina Vipont was one of the queens of London, she had with her that habit of command natural to such royalties. Frank Vance was no tuft-hunter, but once under social influences, they had their effect on him, as on most men who are blessed with noses in the air. Those great ladies, it is true, never bought his pictures, but they gave him the position which induced others to buy them. Vance loved his art; his art needed its career. Its career was certainly brightened and quickened by the help of rank and fashion.

In short, Lady Selina triumphed, and the painter stepped back to Lionel. "I must go to Richmond with these people. I know you'll excuse me. I shall be back to-night somehow. By-the-by, you are going to the post-office here for the letter you expect from your mother; ask for mine too. You will take care of little Sophy, and (in a whisper) hurry her out of the garden, or that Grand Mogul feminine, Lady Selina, whose condescension would crush the Andes, will be stopping her as my *protégée*, falling in raptures with that horrid colored print, saying, 'Dear what pretty sprigs! where can such things be got?' and learning, perhaps, how Frank Vance saved the Bandit's Child from the Remorseless Baron. 'Tis your turn now. Save your friend. The Baron was a lamb compared to a fine lady." He pressed Lionel's unresponding hand, and was off to join the polite merry-making of the Frosts, Slowes, and Prymmes.

Lionel's pride ran up to the fever heat of its thermometer; more roused, though, on behalf of the unconscious Sophy than himself.

"Let us come into the town, lady-bird, and choose a doll. You may have one now without fear of distracting you from—what I hate to think you ever stooped to perform."

As Lionel, his crest erect, and nostril dilated, and holding Sophy firmly by the hand, took his way out from the gardens, he was obliged to pass the patrician party of whom Vance now made one.

His countenance and air, as he swept by, struck them all, especially Lady Selina. "A very distinguished-looking boy," said she. "What a fine face! Who did you say he was, Mr. Vance?"

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* "———— Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignia attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit,—hic posuisse gaudet."
—HORAT. *Carm.*, lib. i. xxxiv.

The concluding allusion is evidently to the Parthian revolutions, and the changeful fate of Phraates IV.; and I do not feel sure that the preceding lines upon the phenomenon of the thunder in a serene sky have not a latent and half-allegorical meaning, dimly applicable, throughout, to the historical reference at the close.

Vance. "His name is Haughton—Lionel Haughton?"

Lady Selina. "Haughton! Haughton! Any relation to poor, dear Captain Haughton—Charlie Haughton, as he was generally called?"

Vance, knowing little more of his young friend's parentage than that his mother let lodgings, at which, once domiciliated himself, he had made the boy's acquaintance, and that she enjoyed the pension of a captain's widow, replied carelessly:

"His father was a captain, but I don't know whether he was a Charlie."

Mr. **Crampe** (the Wit). "Charlies are extinct! I have the last in a fossil—box and all!"

General laugh. Wit shut up again.

Lady Selina. "He has a great look of Charlie Haughton. Do you know if he is connected with that extraordinary man, Mr. Darrell?"

Vance. "Upon my word, I do not. What Mr. Darrell do you mean?"

Lady Selina, with one of those sublime looks of celestial pity with which personages in the great world forgive ignorance of names and genealogies in those not born within its orbit, replied, "Oh, to be sure; it is not exactly in the way of your delightful art to know Mr. Darrell, one of the first men in Parliament, a connection of mine."

Lady Frost (nippingly). "You mean Guy Darrell, the lawyer."

Lady Selina. "Lawyer—true, now I think of it, he was a lawyer. But his chief fame was in the House of Commons. All parties agreed that he might have commanded any station; but he was too rich, perhaps, to care sufficiently about office. At all events, Parliament was dissolved when he was at the height of his reputation, and he refused to be re-elected."

One **Sir Jasper Stollhead** (a member of the House of Commons, young, wealthy, a constant attendant, of great promise, with speeches that were filled with facts, and emptied the benches). "I have heard of him. Before my time; lawyers not much weight in the House now."

Lady Selina. "I am told that Mr. Darrell did not speak like a lawyer. But his career is over—lives in the country, and sees nobody—a thousand pities—a connection of mine, too—great loss to the country. Ask your young friend, Mr. Vance, if Mr. Darrell is not his relation. I hope so, for his sake. Now that our party is in power, Mr. Darrell could command any thing for others, though he has ceased to act with us. Our party is not forgetful of talents."

Lady Frost (with icy crispness). "I should think not; it has so little of that kind to remember."

Sir Jasper. "Talent is not wanted in the House of Commons now—don't go down, in fact. Business assembly."

Lady Selina (suppressing a yawn). "Beautiful day! We had better think of going back to Richmond."

General assent, and slow retreat.

CHAPTER XV.

The Historian records the attachment to public business which distinguishes the British Legislator.—Touching instance of the regret which ever in patriotic bosoms attends the neglect of a public duty.

From the dusty height of a rumble-tumble affixed to Lady Selina Vipont's barouche, and by the animated side of Sir Jasper Stollhead, Vance caught sight of Lionel and Sophy at a corner of the spacious green near the Palace. He sighed, he envied them. He thought of the boat, the water, the honey-suckle arbor at the little inn—pleasures he had denied himself—pleasures all in his own way. They seemed still more alluring by contrast with the prospect before him; formal dinner at the Star and Garter, with titled Prymmes, Slowes, and Frosts, a couple of guineas a-head, including light wines, which he did not drink, and the expense of a chaise back by himself. But such are life and its social duties—such, above all, ambition and a career. Who, that would leave a name on his tombstone, can say to his own heart, "Perish, Stars and Garters; my existence shall pass from day to day in honey-suckle arbors?"

Sir Jasper Stollhead interrupted Vance's reverie by an impassioned sneeze—"Dreadful smell of hay!" said the legislator, with watery eyes. "Are you subject to the hay fever? I am! A—tisha—tisha—tisha (sneezing)—country frightfully unwholesome at this time of year. And to think that I ought now to be in the House—in my committee-room—no smell of hay there—most important committee."

Vance (rousing himself). "Ah!—on what?"

Sir Jasper (regretfully). "Sewers!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Signs of an impending revolution, which, like all revolutions, seems to come of a sudden, though its causes have long been at work; and to go off in a tantrum, though its effects must run on to the end of a history.

Lionel could not find in the toyshops of the village a doll good enough to satisfy his liberal inclinations, but he bought one which amply contented the humbler aspirations of Sophy. He then strolled to the post-office. There were several letters for Vance—one for himself in his mother's handwriting. He delayed opening it for the moment. The day was far advanced—Sophy must be hungry. In vain she declared she was not. They passed by a fruiterer's stall. The strawberries and cherries were temptingly fresh—the sun still very powerful. At the back of the fruiterer's was a small garden, or rather orchard, smiling cool through the open door—little tables laid out there. The good woman who kept the shop was accustomed to the wants and tastes of humble metropolitan visitors. But the garden was luckily now empty—it was before the usual hour for tea-parties; so the young folks had the pleasantest table under an apple-tree, and the choice of the freshest fruit. Milk and cakes were added to the fare. It was a banquet, in Sophy's eyes, worthy that happy day. And when Lionel had finished his share of the feast, eating fast, as spirited impatient boys, formed to push on in life and spoil their digestion, are apt to do; and while Sophy was still lingering over the last of the strawberries, he threw himself back on his chair, and drew forth his letter. Lionel was extremely fond of his mother, but her letters were not often those which a boy is over eager to read. It is not all mothers who understand what boys are—their quick susceptibilities, their precocious manliness, all their mystical ways and oddities. A letter from Mrs. Haughton generally somewhat fretted and irritated Lionel's high-strung nerves, and he had instinctively put off the task of reading the one he held, till satisfied hunger and cool-breathing shadows, and rest from the dusty road, had lent their soothing aid to his undeveloped philosophy.

He broke the seal slowly; another letter was inclosed within. At the first few words his countenance changed; he uttered a slight exclamation, read on eagerly; then, before concluding his mother's epistle, hastily tore open that which it had contained, ran his eye over its contents, and, dropping both letters on the turf below, rested his face on his hand, in agitated thought. Thus ran his mother's letter:

"My Dear Boy,—How could you? Do it slyly!! Unknown to your own mother!!! I could not believe it of you!!!! Take advantage of my confidence in showing you the letters of your father's cousin, to write to himself—*clandestinely!*—you, who I thought had such an open character, and who ought to appreciate mine. Every one who knows me says I am a woman in ten thousand—not for beauty and talent (though I have had my admirers for them too), but for GOODNESS! As a wife and mother, I may say I have been exemplary. I had sore trials with the dear captain—and IMMENSE temptations. But he said on his death-bed, 'Jessica, you are an angel.' And I have had offers since—IMMENSE offers—but I devoted myself to my child, as you know. And what I have put up with, letting the first floor, nobody can tell; and only a widow's pension—going before a magistrate to get it paid. And to think my own child, for whom I have borne so much, should behave so cruelly to me! Clandestine! 'tis *that* which stabs me. Mrs. Inman found me crying, and said, 'What is the matter?—you, who are such an angel, crying like a baby!' And I could not help saying, ''Tis the serpent's tooth, Mrs. I.' What you wrote to your benefactor (and I *had* hoped patron) I don't care to guess; something very rude and imprudent it must be, judging by the few lines he addressed to me. I don't mind copying them for you to read. All *my* acts are above board—as often and often Captain H. used to say, 'Your heart is in a glass-case, Jessica;' and so it is! *but my son keeps his under lock and key.*

"'Madam (this is what *he* writes to me), 'your son has thought fit to infringe the condition upon which I agreed to assist you on his behalf. I inclose a reply to himself, which I beg you will give to his own hands without breaking the seal. Since it did not seem to you indiscreet to communicate to a boy of his years letters written solely to yourself, you can not blame me if I take your implied estimate of his capacity to judge for himself of the nature of a correspondence, and of the views and temper of, Madam, your very obedient servant.' And that's all, to me. I send his letter to you—seal unbroken. I conclude he has done with you forever, and *your* CAREER *is lost!* But if it be so, oh, my poor, poor child! at that thought I have not the heart to scold you farther. If it be so, come home to me, and I'll work and slave for you, and you shall keep up your head and be a gentleman still, as you are, every inch of you. Don't mind what I've said at the beginning, dear—don't! you know I'm hasty, and I was *hurt*. But you could not mean to be sly and underhand—'twas only your high spirit—and it was *my* fault; I should not have shown you the letters. I hope you are well, and have quite lost that nasty cough, and that Mr. Vance treats you with proper respect. I think him rather too pushing and familiar, though a pleasant young man on the whole. But, after all, he is only a painter. Bless you, my child, and don't have secrets again from your poor mother, Jessica Haughton."

The inclosed letter was as follows:

"Lionel Haughton,—Some men might be displeased at receiving such a letter as you have addressed to me; I am not. At your years, and under the same circumstances, I might have written a letter much in the same spirit. Relieve your mind—as yet you owe me no obligations; you have only received back a debt due to you. My father was poor; your grandfather, Robert Haughton, assisted him in the cost of my education. I have assisted your father's son; we are quits. Before, however, we decide on having done with each other for the future, I suggest to you to pay me a short visit. Probably I shall not like you, nor you me. But we are both gentlemen, and need not show dislike too coarsely. If you decide on coming, come at once, or possibly you may not find me here. If you refuse, I shall have a poor opinion of your sense and temper, and in a week I shall have forgotten your existence. I ought to add that your father and I were once warm friends, and that by descent I am the head not only of my own race, which ends with me, but of the Haughton family, of which, though your line assumed the name, it was but a younger branch. Now-adays young men are probably not brought up to care for these things—I was. Yours,

"Guy Haughton Darrell.

"Manor House, Fawley."

Sophy picked up the fallen letters, placed them on Lionel's lap, and looked into his face wistfully. He smiled, resumed his mother's epistle, and read the concluding passages which he had before omitted. Their sudden turn from reproof to tenderness melted him. He began to feel that his mother had a right to blame him for an act of concealment. Still she never would have consented to his writing such a letter; and had that letter been attended with so ill a result? Again he read Mr. Darrell's blunt but not offensive lines. His pride was soothed—why should he not now love his father's friend? He rose briskly, paid for the fruit, and went his way back to the boat with Sophy. As his oars cut the wave he talked gayly, but he ceased to interrogate Sophy on her past. Energetic, sanguine, ambitious, his own future entered now into his thoughts. Still, when the sun sunk as the inn came partially into view from the winding of the banks and the fringe of the willows, his mind again settled on the patient, quiet little girl, who had not ventured to ask him one question in return for all he had put so unceremoniously to her. Indeed, she was silently musing over words he had inconsiderately let fall—"What I hate to think you had ever stooped to perform." Little could Lionel guess the unquiet thoughts which those words might hereafter call forth from the brooding, deepening meditations of lonely childhood! At length, said the boy, abruptly, as he had said once before—

"I wish, Sophy, you were my sister." He added, in a saddened tone, "I never had a sister—I have so longed for one! However, surely we shall meet again. You go to-morrow—so must I."

Sophy's tears flowed softly, noiselessly.

"Cheer up, lady-bird; I wish you liked me half as much as I like you!"

"I do like you—oh, so much!" cried Sophy, passionately.

"Well, then, you can write, you say?"

"A little."

"You shall write to me now and then, and I to you. I'll talk to your grandfather about it. Ah, there he is, surely!"

The boat now ran into the shelving creek, and by the honey-suckle arbor stood Gentleman Waife, leaning on his stick.

"You are late," said the actor, as they landed, and Sophy sprang into his arms. "I began to be uneasy, and came here to inquire after you. You have not caught cold, child?"

Sophy. "Oh, no."

Lionel. "She is the best of children. Pray, come into the inn, Mr. Waife; no toddy, but some refreshment."

Waife. "I thank you—no, Sir; I wish to get home at once. I walk slowly; it will be dark soon."

Lionel tried in vain to detain him. There was a certain change in Mr. Waife's manner to him; it was much more distant—it was even pettish, if not surly. Lionel could not account for it—thought it mere whim at first, but as he walked part of the way back with them toward the village, this asperity continued, nay, increased. Lionel was hurt; he arrested his steps.

"I see you wish to have your grandchild to yourself now. May I call early to-morrow? Sophy will tell you that I hope we may not altogether lose sight of each other. I will give you my address when I call."

"What time to-morrow, Sir?"

"About nine."

Waife bowed his head and walked on, but Sophy looked back toward her boy friend, sorrowfully, gratefully—twilight in the skies that had been so sunny—twilight in her face that had been so glad! She looked once, twice, thrice, as Lionel halted on the road and kissed his hand. The third time Waife said, with unwonted crossness—

"Enough of that, Sophy; looking after young men is not proper! What does he mean about 'seeing each other, and giving me his address?'"

"He wished me to write to him sometimes, and he would write to me."

Waife's brow contracted; but if, in the excess of grandfatherly caution, he could have supposed that the bright-hearted boy of seventeen meditated ulterior ill to that fairy child in such a scheme for correspondence, he must have been in his dotage, and he had not hitherto evinced any signs of that.

Farewell, pretty Sophy! the evening star shines upon yon elm-tree that hides thee from view. Fading—fading grows the summer landscape; faded already from the landscape thy gentle image! So ends a holiday in life. Hallow it, Sophy; hallow it, Lionel. Life's holidays are not too many!

REMINISCENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

No. I.

Perhaps the most significant if not the most important event of the present century, at least connected with the American continent, was the discovery of gold in California, and the consequent starting into life of the remarkable people who have spread themselves over the broad surface of our possessions on the Pacific coast. It is the more interesting from the fact that those pioneers of civilization in their astonishing progress have scarcely realized or recognized a political infancy, but have sprung full-plumed into manhood, have carried with them all the appliances and means for the introduction of the useful and elegant arts, and so far from being "frontiersmen"—a term usually applied to the rough backwoods settlers of the uninhabited West—are fast becoming, if they are not already, one of the most luxurious as well as enterprising people on the continent. They are now rearing throughout a country of unsurpassed fertility evidences of industry and wealth, and are actually treading upon the heels of the Atlantic States, and challenging the admiration of the world.

It is a curious fact that more than two centuries elapsed between the discovery of California by Cabrillo, the Portuguese navigator, in 1542, and that of the bay of San Francisco, in 1769, by the Spanish missionaries. It is pretty well ascertained that Sir Francis Drake, who landed on the coast at Jack's Harbor, to the northward of San Francisco, passed by, or did not approach, what is now known as the "Golden Gate." It was reserved for the devout *padres* of succeeding generations to stumble upon the great bay while traveling up the coast from San Diego in search of an eligible location for a Catholic mission. In their wonder and delight they named it after the patron saint of the Franciscan order, and it is a popular error to suppose that it received its name from Sir Francis Drake, who lived and died as ignorant of its existence as Cabrillo had been.

But though the honor of the discovery of California does not belong to Drake, he certainly merits that of being the first explorer and gold finder; for the chronicler of his voyages tells us, "The admiral and some of his people traveling to a distance in the country, saw such a quantity of rabbits that it appeared an entire warren; they also saw deer in such plenty as to run a thousand in a herd. The earth of the country seemed to promise rich veins of gold and silver, some of the ore being constantly found on digging." So it is pretty evident that these fork-bearded old navigators had an inkling of the auriferous nature of the soil, and kept it as secret from that generation as Colonel Frémont seems to have preserved for so long a time his gold discoveries from this. Whether the early explorers happened upon any of the quaint-looking picks and spades of the workmen employed in digging gold for Solomon's Temple does not appear; some of the spectacled *sarans* of the California Academy of Natural Sciences will doubtless solve this question in good time; none of them have yet satisfactorily located the gold-bearing Ophir, and California is better entitled to be considered the ancient gold fields of sacred Scriptures than any other country after Australia.

So the bay of San Francisco, if we may rely on the few historical facts that have been transmitted, has only been discovered eighty-eight years. While our patriotic ancestors were industriously undermining the fabric of British dominion in the colonies, and in the hottest times of the controversies with the royal governors, a few pious monks were unconsciously sowing the seeds of a great Pacific empire, which has already become a feature in the history of this century, and has, more than any other event of modern times, acted upon the world's commerce and general destiny. That was the first step toward the civilizing of the northern Pacific coast, and the opening of the gold mines to the industry of all nations.

But not all the gold mines with the vast industry which has been exerted to develop them, nor the rapid peopling and civilizing of a country as large in extent as all New England, are matters of such wonder to the new-comer as the wealthy emporium which has so suddenly appeared like a creation of Aladdin's lamp. History offers no parallel to the growth of San Francisco; a city of which it may be said it never had an infancy, but passed from its birth into vigorous manhood almost at a leap. The future historian of this century will find it difficult to exaggerate the story of the settlement of California; for the events connected with its growth are even in our day considered as fabulous. But of San Francisco, who shall relate as sober facts the story of its rise and progress, and escape the charge of Munchausenism? Yet upon some luminous writer of the next generation will devolve this task. Of the queer adventures, the fight, fun, and the death-scenes—of the treasures that poured into the lap of this new El Dorado—of the gambling saloons, the great conflagrations, the public executions—how fortunes were won and lost—how shrewd, far-seeing men were ruined in speculations, and dull fellows stumbled into wealth—and of all the exciting events of the early days of San Francisco—truly it will be a strange and absorbing narration for future ages.

Six years after the *padres* had discovered the bay, they founded the Mission of San Francisco, afterwards known as the Mission of Dolores; and from that germ has sprung the present proud city which perpetuates its name.

A glance at some of the characteristics of the early days of San Francisco, and the more conventional and systematic state of society to which the city has at last arrived, will suffice to display its past and present condition; and to do this we can only treat a few of the subjects from the mass which come before us, and these but briefly and superficially.

The city did not then present the picture of thrift, wealth, and elegance which is indicated by our engraving—from a drawing by Mr. T. A. Ayres, as taken from the southward, a new point of view, and as an absolutely correct representation of San Francisco as it now stands. The old resident will easily identify the more familiar churches, public buildings, and dwelling-houses. It would require, indeed, many volumes of narrative, and the detailed adventures of hundreds of enterprising characters, to faithfully portray the strange events of 1849–50. These two years may be considered the era of the gold fever, for then more persons arrived to swell the great multitudes streaming into the interior from San Francisco than at any other time in the history of California. Every artifice and dodge that Yankee ingenuity could suggest to make money was put into requisition. Men who had never raised a hand for their own support found themselves thrown on their own resources; and in the streets you might see "gentlemen with high foreheads and gold spectacles," clad in red shirts and cowhide boots driving teams, serving as waiters in eating-houses, or acting as auctioneers, boatmen, mule-drivers, cooks, and every other laborious or menial occupation. Here existed the most democratic state of society on record. The State was on the eve of its admission into the Union, and numerous were the wire-pullers and used-up political hacks willing to serve their country in any profitable capacity. Ex-Senators and bearded returned miners met face to face and on equal terms, except that the pockets of the latter were likely to be the best lined. It seemed that all nations had contributed to the exhibition—for one could hear every language spoken—from Norwegian to Chinese. Wandering along the muddy streets, and staring around them at the new and curious architecture of this city in embryo, might be seen Lascars, Chinese, Sandwich Islanders, Japanese, Mexicans, Chileans, and Indians—the peculiar costume of each blending strangely with the more numerous crowds of our own countrymen and representatives from all parts of Europe.

Hundreds of speculating adventurers crowded the auctions, which were daily held, of entire cargoes, which were knocked down in detail generally at prices ruinous to the deluded shippers in Europe and the Eastern States. The circulating medium at that time was gold dust, which, by an agreement of the merchants, some time previous, was to be received at $16 per ounce. At these auctions men would bid, and deposit a bag of the precious dust as security for the purchase. Instances were common of persons buying quantities of merchandise for which they could see no possible chance of sale, and depending on some conflagration or sudden scarcity to get rid of their bargain at an advance.

Incredible amounts of some kinds of goods arrived. Of the article of tobacco such quantities were received that at last it would scarcely pay for the lighterage; and the greater part of what was shipped was of such an inferior quality that none would buy it. After one of the great fires, and when building materials were scarce, hundreds of boxes were placed so as to form the foundation of a store, and this building now actually rests upon tobacco, which, if it has kept dry, has probably greatly improved in quality.

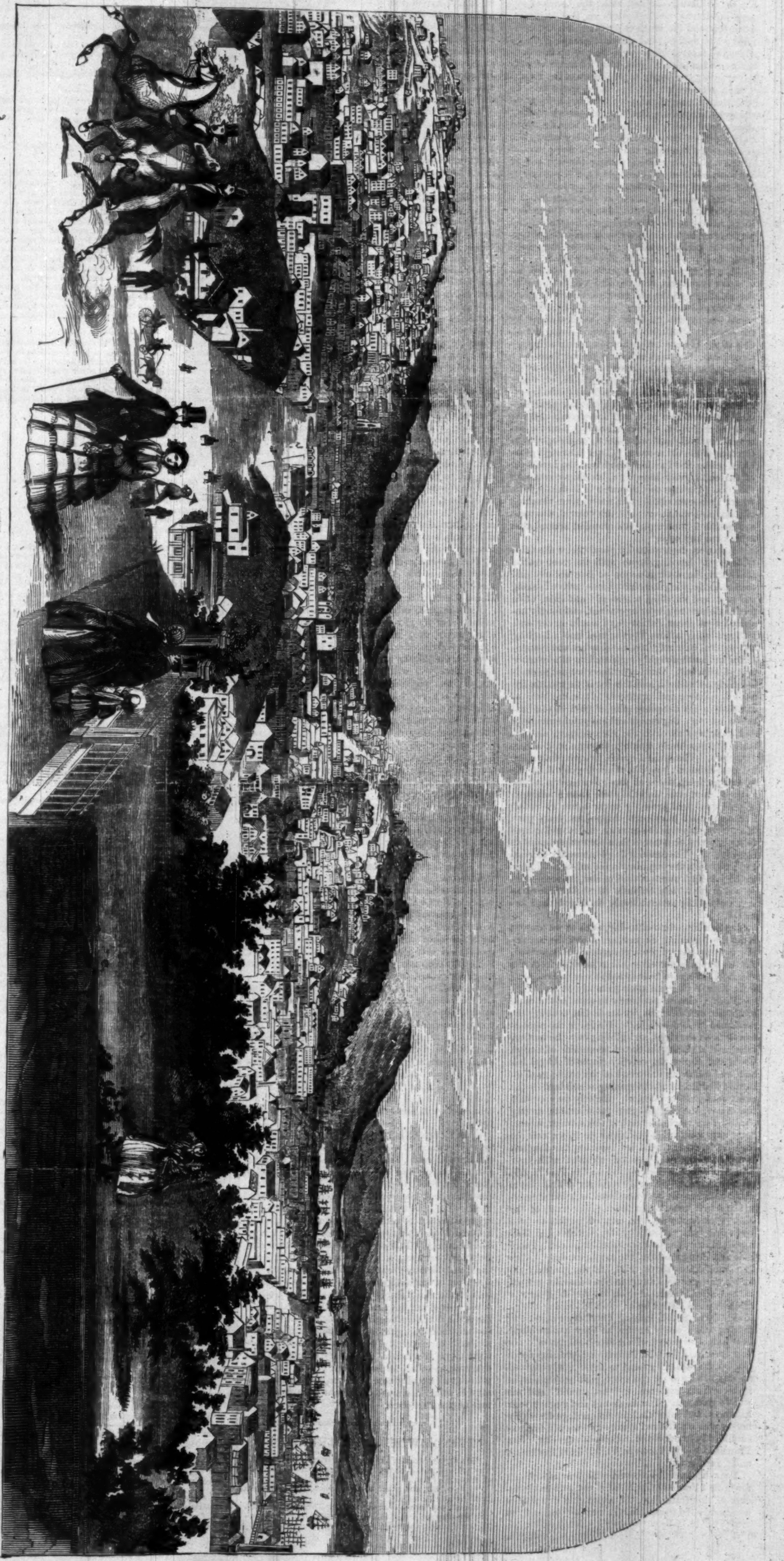
One vessel which lay in the harbor loaded with lime in barrels, and bags of hair for plaster, was obliged to throw most of her cargo overboard, as it was not of sufficient value at the market rates to pay for lightering ashore, much less for storage. A few days after this summary disposal of the cargo, and when the ship was about sailing for China, the great fire occurred, and immediately after lime, and all building material, went up a thousand per cent. in value. So extraordinary and unforeseen were the occurrences of that remarkable period, that the calculations of the shrewdest men were at fault.

As an illustration of the growth of the city, the ship *Niantic*, apparently a sound and valuable vessel, was lightened of all her ballast, and at high-tide warped up to the beach, and grounded, bows on. She was inclosed with piles, driven firmly into the bottom of the bay, and housed over for a store-ship. The city gradually encroached upon the water, reached and passed the ship; and as houses were built, the lots were filled in with earth. At last the ship was surrounded with solid ground and buildings. She began to be "up town;" and when, in the great fire of "'51," she shared the fate of the city, a part of which she had become, she was many blocks inland from the water's edge. At present, the well-known Niantic Hotel, reared upon her blackened timbers and ribs, stands far up in the centre of the business portion of the city, and out of sight and hearing of ships or salt water.

At one of the auctions referred to, a wide-awake Yankee bought a hundred boxes of eggs, packed in Boston or New York, and sold as they stood for "better or for worse." Our speculator got them at the rate of twenty cents; but on opening a few boxes after the sale, an unmistakable effluvia, arising from some which had been roughly handled, revealed the fact that they had gone the way of all eggs. Every box that was opened told the same story. Nothing disconcerted at this discovery, he nailed them up carefully, and submitted them to another auctioneer on the following day, who turned them over to a second eager speculator at an advance of 100 per cent. How this buyer disposed of his savory purchase never transpired. There was no fixed or reasonable value to any class of merchandise. Very many articles of standard value were not considered worth store-room, and goods in the clothing and provision line were sold for far less than at the port whence they were shipped.

Even ministers of the gospel were reduced by the peculiar state of affairs to such straits as to oblige them to abandon a while their clerical calling, and engage in the more exciting avocations of business. One gentleman, who has often held a fashionable congregation in silent admiration of his eloquence, purchased with the remnant of his funds the material for a tent, which he erected on a small vacant lot in Pacific Street. From this classic retreat he made daily forages about the wharves until, one day, he happened upon a barrel of beans standing unclaimed as worthless. The beans were somewhat swollen with the rain, and presented an uninviting spectacle; but the reverend adventurer, nothing daunted, rolled it, with much tribulation, to his tent, made a raise of some pork and a few plates, and, with an old iron pot which had been thrown ashore from a condemned whaling-vessel, entered, heart and hand, into the pork-and-beans business. With his little stock in trade he soon began to make more money than he had ever realized from his happiest pulpit efforts. Fifty cents a plate was the price, and often, at night, he counted up from $15 to $20 profit on his sales.

The gambling saloons in 1849–50 have often been used in illustrating the characteristics of that time. These have happily disappeared—at least from public view; but those who can date back to the days of the famous "El Dorado," the "Arcade," and other equally well-known haunts of the gamblers, will readily recall the curious scenes which might on any night be witnessed there. They will remem-



THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[FROM SECOND STREET, ABOVE FOLSOM.]

ber the brilliantly-lighted halls, the bands of foreign musicians perched aloft in the orchestra, whence issued the crash of operatic airs and overtures; the excited and nervous groups gathered about the tables, where were heaped up in tempting profusion piles of gold dust and banks of glittering coin; the pretty taper fingers of the French women who, with a careless smile, swept into the bank the stakes of the players, or as carelessly pushed toward them their winnings; all these have long since passed away; the saloons have been dedicated to the god—if there be any such deity among the Germans—of lager bier and midnight masquerades.

The writer remembers passing through one of the most notorious of these places, and pausing to hear the really fine performance of a selection from "Norma," when his attention was attracted to a beautiful little child, with blue eyes and golden locks, sitting at the principal gambling-table, and performing, under the direction of a blear-eyed harridan, the part of banker. The picture impressed itself deeply on the mind of every gazer. The child, who was about five years old, was of uncommon loveliness, and recalled vividly some of the paintings of the old masters, in which sweet and cherub-like faces are represented. Her extreme beauty was rendered the more striking by the contrast it offered to the crime-stamped features of the old creature who was acting as her instructress. She was evidently placed there as a "decoy," and from the innocent smile with which she raked toward her the heaps of gold, or, under the direction of her mistress, told out to the bearded ruffians who were grouped about her their winnings, showed how pure and uncontaminated her soul yet remained. Avarice, cunning, and the excess of malignity and wickedness, were depicted in the face of the old woman. Even the rough gamblers, who gazed in silent wonder on the loveliness of the child, grew thoughtful as they contrasted the two. Perhaps they recurred to distant scenes, where their own children or sisters were thinking of the absent wanderer. But the "catch" was most successful, for more players crowded around that table than any other.

Those were days when few people knew the value of money. Leaving home with the best resolutions and the determination to live soberly and economically, the young adventurer arrived among the new and exciting scenes of California, often forgot all but the glittering present, and fondly imagined that these golden days would never end. But gradually affairs have turned into a healthy and natural channel; business has become systematized and as thoroughly regulated as in any other part of the world. Sudden fortunes are not so readily made as at first, and the roads to wealth are more legitimate and practical. It is not now so common to see tempting piles of gold in the brokers windows. Big lumps and beautiful specimens find their way through the Expresses to the Atlantic States without making so long a stay in San Francisco. The United States Branch Mint since its establishment has coined more gold than the other combined Mints of the government in the same space of time, and the same annual amounts of gold dust will probably never again go out of California that have been shipped in years past. More is consumed in the country, and manufactured into plate and ornaments than a stranger can well conceive of. The amount dug is annually increasing; but with the organization of substantial firms in the principal towns of the interior, it becomes absorbed in the various business channels of the country, and is less ostentatiously displayed than formerly.

The San Francisco of to-day, such as we present it in the preceding engraving, is not the harum-scarum, hap-hazard place we have above described. Let us suppose ourselves about landing from the steamer. We have been twenty-three days *en route* from New York; and after gallantly steaming up the Pacific, almost constantly in sight of the coast of Mexico or California, we are at last entering the far-famed "Golden Gate." We leave the ponderous forts on our right, and gliding into the harbor, take in at a glance the tinted mountains of Contra Costa and Marin, the velvety slopes of Angel Island, and following the trend of the coast, gaze up toward Red Rock and the opening which leads to the great gold-bearing interior. Rapidly we approach the wharf, the signal-gun reverberates among the hills, we reach the berth of the steamer, where, from our position on the upper deck, we can see lines of hacks and vehicles awaiting the landing of the new-comers. You step on shore with your baggage, sensible that you are on the Pacific side of the continent, but hardly realizing at first that it is not foreign soil; you are almost startled at hearing yourself accosted in the familiar tones of the New York hackman, who hurriedly offers to take you to the International, the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, or a dozen other familiar places. There is no mistaking the faces, the costumes, signs, buildings, racket, newsboys' cries, and the general hubbub of this scene. You are in San Francisco and yet in the United States. As you descend the gangway plank you are jostled by eager individuals pushing their way on board, looking hurriedly around and peering under every bonnet as they hasten along in search of expected wives, sweet-hearts, or other dear ones. On the wharf are crowds pressing down toward the steamer; some to meet newly-arrived friends, others to see the sport, pick pockets, or, in New York parlance, to "be around" and see what's going on. You single out and engage your hackman, and enter a handsome carriage drawn by horses whose spirit and symmetry you will find exemplified in hundreds of instances in the city. San Francisco you will soon find abounds in fine horses and "turn-outs."

Your hackman, however, will bear watching; for in San Francisco, mindful of the political influence of this fraternity, the successive city fathers have neglected to establish any hack-rates, and you are as likely to be charged as much above ten dollars for the ride to the hotel as the good-nature or [illegible] of your face will seem to warrant. You are [illegible] through a number of straight streets leading up from the wharves, and the peculiar hollow sound, as you progress, shows you they are planked; while the uncertain and gyrating manner in which the carriage *dodges* along will best be explained by a glance from the window. You are at once lost in admiration of the dexterity of your Jehu in avoiding the innumerable chasms in the open thoroughfare—some of them capable of receiving both horses in case of a misstep.

There are thrilling stories of these "man-traps," as the newspaper editors call them. Some of these gentlemen will tell you every few days, under the head of items, that not a night passes but some poor inebriate, or other unfortunate wanderer, meets his death by plunging through these holes into the silent waters beneath; how bodies of unknown persons have been found floating there, and that the coroners of some past municipal administrations have fished them up, held the usual inquest, bought the funeral gear, and again deposited the body in another dress under a wharf in another part of the city, again to be discovered, and an additional fee to be obtained from the county. The truth of these rumors, however, has never been proved, and, as rumors, we must pass them by.

The subject of streets has been a most prolific and anxiously-debated one among the local politicians of San Francisco. Vast sums have been spent by the city in repairing them, and numerous fortunes have been reaped from these jobs by unnumbered contractors. Above the water-line, and where the work has been done on dry land, the streets are in better average condition than those of New York, and would not suffer in comparison with any in the United States. You are not long in getting into some of these, and your carriage rolls easily along, and perhaps takes you into Montgomery Street—the Broadway, in point of reputation though not in name, of San Francisco. Here you have blocks of brick, granite, and marble stores—some of them really fine buildings. If in the daytime, you may see beautiful women and stylish men, rich dresses, splendidly-furnished stores, handsome equipages, and all that indicates a luxurious and wealthy metropolis. If in the evening, your eyes are greeted with the pleasant light of gas-lamps along the sidewalks, and of gas chandeliers in the stores. Not gay Broadway is more brilliantly illumined after dark than are some of the streets of San Francisco.

But the pride of the city is not alone in these evidences of its prosperity. The broad liberality of her people, the genial climate, and inviting fields opened for the exercise of every kind of talent, have drawn thither many men of the first abilities. Here you will meet with lawyers, scholars, divines, physicians, and orators—many of them, as is every where the case, pretenders, and of inferior stamp; but by far the larger proportion are noble representatives of their professions, and among them are men of rare scientific attainments.

A stranger soon observes the waste of mind in San Francisco, and this is explained by the extraordinary competition which here occurs among so many men of superior powers in every branch of trade and professions. There is, doubtless, in San Francisco, more unemployed talent, for a want of proper direction of its energies, than in any other city of its population in the world. Every man is, to some extent, an adventurer, and must possess some nervous spring to have started him out of the beaten track of society across the continent into a new world. Some of the earlier celebrities have since occupied conspicuous situations. Many could be instanced.

It is scarcely possible to predict too much for San Francisco. Its position is such as to secure for it the main current of the trade hereafter to be established between this continent and Asia. It is already becoming the great whaling dépôt of the Pacific, and the time can not be far distant when whalers will carry their cargoes there instead of making the useless and expensive passage around Cape Horn. From there it can find ample conveyance at all seasons in the finest ships in the world to the Atlantic States. Great steamship lines will soon radiate from San Francisco to China, Australia, and to the principal ports in the Pacific. Population must continue to pour into California from Asia, as well as from every part of Europe and South America; and as the State increases, so will San Francisco grow in wealth and prosperity.

Some lecturer has lately observed that there are four great natural dépôts in the world which, for centuries to come, are to be centre-points of trade and commerce, and attain to a degree of population and splendor yet unknown. These, he says, are Shanghai, San Francisco, London, and New York. We have not here the space to follow his arguments, but to none of these does it seem that his predictions will apply with more truth than to San Francisco. Independent of her unrivaled geographical position, a populous continent at her back, and looking from thirty days' steaming distance out of her Golden Gate upon the untold millions of the East, she is the outlet of the produce of a hundred million acres of fertile land awaiting the labor of the husbandman, which, even without the inexhaustible gold-mines, would raise California, and, consequently, San Francisco into a first-class city. Periods of temporary depression will continue to occur, as in all new cities; but none who have carefully noted her progress and the resources at her command can doubt the splendid future of San Francisco.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"HAVE you heard of the row the oystermen at Prince's Bay are kicking up about the location of the Quarantine at Seguine's Point?"

"I have, Sir, and think their conduct in the premises unreasonable."

"Don't say unreasonable, say s(h)ell-fish; for don't you see they are afraid the bivalves will catch some contagious disease, and be confined to their beds thereby?"

Swift held the doctrine that there were three places where a man should be allowed to speak without contradiction, viz., "the bench, the pulpit, and the gallows."

PRETTY AMERICAN COMPLIMENT.

"Your English ladies are very handsome," said a polite young American gentleman to *Mr. Punch*.

"Your American girls are exquisitely lovely," returned *Mr. Punch*, scorning to be outdone in courtesy.

"Ay, girls, that is true; but they fall off as they count years. So you see your women carry off the palm, and what's more, it's a palm that will bear a date."

"Bless 'em all!" said *Mr. Punch*, piously. "Let's liquor."

"Mr. Green, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse, did you mean that it was a talon-ted production; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer?"

Why are good husbands like dough? Women need (knead) them.

The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest kid-gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt; but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic at the smell of new cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailors' bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair, one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were not tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of materials to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains.

If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head-wind, he certainly would be a long time in making a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make headway in life. A sailor uses every wind to propel; so should the young man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even the adverse gales should fill its bellying canvas, and send it forward on its onward course.

Bill Blower, by a landshark trapped
  When overcome with grog,
Was forced a lawyer to consult
  To overhaul his log.
The lawyer, wishing Jack to bleed,
  Put on a solemn face,
And talked about the "Bill of Rights"
  As bearing on the case.
"Hold, shipmate!" cried the honest tar,
  "Avast there, if you will;
I care not for the 'Bill of Rights,'
  But for the *Rights of Bill*."

FATHER (*expostulating with his son*). "James, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at every thing, and you have failed in every thing. I put you in a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously sent about your business. I bought you a commission in the army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out. In despair, I started you as a coal and wine merchant and general commission agent, but you didn't clear sufficient to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in a Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have any thing to do with you. It's painfully clear to my mind, James, that you are not fit for any thing. Under these circumstances, there is but one thing left now—*I must get you a situation under Government!*"

The comet that didn't come is now laughed at severely. The Galveston *Herald* says: "The comet is said to be visible in the northwestern heavens, near Ursa Major. Our reporter thinks he could have seen it the other night if he had tried a glass. 'Yes,' said our skeptical imp, 'you'd have seen it in a horn.'"

The Louisville *Journal* says: "The comet is a gay deceiver. He promised to jostle the earth, but has only jilted her. The rogue has told a tale instead of showing one."

And the poet of the New Orleans *Crescent* sings, as the comet retires:

"Grate Comick, yure a goin! With greatful feelins
I apreshiate the fack, and wish yer a plesent
Jurny. With mi telespoak Ive wotcht yure
Moshuns; and Ime free tu say, I like the
Aspeck of yure tale mutch moar nor that uv
Yure phigger hed."

"Frank, where have you been?"

"I've been playing at an old game—chasing a hoop in Chestnut Street."

Mr. Singlestick mystified a tea-party by remarking that women are facts. When pressed to explain his meaning, he said, "Facts are stubborn things."

A woman in New Hampshire, who had been abused by her husband, stitched the bed-clothes around him at night while he was asleep, and thrashed him within an inch of his life. He seems to have had the advantage of her at first, but in the end she "sewed him up."

"Ma," said a little girl in her pantalets, "can't I have a husband?"

"No, no, daughter, don't bother me."

"Well, then, Ma, *can't I have a stick of candy?*"

A fellow who went to hear a fashionable and popular preacher recently, says that the text was, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," which the preacher rendered, "He that hath yahs to yah, let him yah."

The surgeon and the glazier are light-hearted men, yet both are frequently engaged in paneful operations; then learn, oh reader, that to "make both ends meat," it is not necessary to put a piece of beef on each one of them.

"My wife," said a critic, "is the most even-tempered person in the world—she's always mad."

A few days since a learned counsel deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced—

"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Butter worth—let me see—about two and tenpence a pound, Sir, although I have paid as high as—"

The lawyer stared. "Yes, that will do, Sir. You can take your seat."

The man who attempted to catch the speaker's eye with a steel-trap, was ordered to take the floor by the Sergeant-at-arms.

A lady in Auburn was in her garden the other day, when she suddenly rushed into the house exclaiming that she was attacked by a snake, and fainted, when it was found that one of her hoops had given way and caused her fright.

"Papa, have guns got legs?"

"No."

"How do they kick, then?"

"With their breeches, my son!"

Mrs. Nicholson says: "Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness; the woman who sacrifices home and father's and mother's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally reaps that reward which follows in the footsteps of ingratitude and disobedience."

The Hon. Jefferson Davis, in a late speech at Jackson, Mississippi, mentioned, as an illustration of the vastness of our national domain, the fact that during the four years of the late Administration more land was ceded by the General Government for internal improvement and other legitimate purposes, than a third of France, and still we retain a public domain equal to the entire area of Europe!

The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious.

The question asked by a hospital physician was, "How many deaths?" "Nine." "Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one would not take it."

A new York paper, noticing the death of General Bell, of New Hampshire, says he was "a lawyer by profession, *and an honest man in practice*."

An old physician was declaiming in our hearing, the other day, upon the propensity which a majority of people display in eating unripe fruit and vegetables. Said he,

"There is not a vegetable growing in our gardens that is not best when arrived at maturity, and most of them are positively injurious when they are not fully ripe."

"I know one thing that ain't so good when 'tis ripe as 'tis when it is green," interrupted a little boy, in a very confidential but modest manner.

"What's that?" sharply said the physician, vexed at having his principles disputed by a mere boy.

"A cucumber!" replied the lad.

The Doctor winked at us with both eyes, but said nothing.

Five new-made brides came up the Hudson on Wednesday in the *New World*.

One would suppose from the above paragraph that their husbands were "not worth mentioning." If the brides were unattended by their bridegrooms, they must have found the *New World* very like the Old World, after all. But, as Toots says, it's of no consequence—to the public.

General Sir Charles J. Napier tells the following story of his childhood: "There was in Limerick a great coarse woman, wife of Dr. Murphy. When she heard of my misfortune, she said, 'Poor boy! I suppose a fly kicked his spindle-shanks.' Being a little fellow then, though now, be it known, five feet seven inches and a half high, this offended me greatly; and as the Lord would have it, she broke her own leg just as I was getting well. Going to her house with an appearance of concern, I told the servant how sorry I was to hear that a bullock had kicked Mrs. Murphy and hurt its leg very much, and that I had called to know if her leg was also hurt. She never forgave me."

My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted the town, and on his departure he said, "I am going to the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added: "I will knock into your door on my return!"

An agricultural society up in Vermont offers the following premium: "A beautiful silk dress (the color and quality to be optional with the fair recipient) to the maker of the best loaf of bread—the competitors to be unmarried ladies, and the committee of judges to consist of bachelors and widowers." It is generally thought that bachelors in search of good house-keepers will be on hand at *that* agricultural fair.

General Henningsen, the redoubtable aid of General Filibuster Walker, writes a letter in which he says: "It is hardly worth while to notice here and contradict such absurd stories as those which charge me with killing and eating a woman at Granada." It is certainly gratifying to know that these ravenous gentlemen did not eat women. They did worse things than that, however.

In things of moment on thyself depend,
Nor trust too far thy servant or thy friend,
With private views, thy friend may promise fair,
And servants very seldom prove sincere.

What may be done, with care perform to-day;
Dangers unthought of will attend delay.
Your distant prospects all precarious are,
And Fortune is as fickle as she's fair.

No trivial loss, nor trivial gain despise;
Mole-hills to mountains, if oft heaped, will rise.
Weigh every small expense and nothing waste—
Farthings long saved amount to pounds at last.

What has a cat that nothing else has?—Kittens.

Why is a chicken running, like a man whipping his wife?—Because it's a fowl proceeding.

The Hindoos tell the story that five blind men went to see an elephant. The first caught hold of his trunk, the second his tusk, the third his ear, the fourth his leg, and the fifth his tail. Having satisfied their curiosity they departed. A neighbor shouted after them as they passed along, "Halloo, you blind men, where have you been?" "Oh, we've been to see the elephant." "Well, have you seen him?" "Yes." "What is he like?" The first said, "He is like a cable, smooth and soft;" the second, "He is like a stake, pared and a little curved;" the third, "He is like a fan;" the fourth, "He is like a post;" and the fifth said, "What stupid fellows you all are, you blind men! he is like a rope."

Last Sunday, in a Western village, when the "plate" was being passed in church, a gentleman said to the "collector," "Go on—I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"

The poet Holmes, usually a very good-natured man, was not proof against the depressing effects of the late "Aqueous Terms." When out of patience with the rain, he wrote the following:

The weather-cock has rested East;
  The blue sky is forgotten;
The Earth's saturated sponge,
  And vegetation's rotten;
I hate to see the darkest side;
  I hate to be complaining—
But hang me, if my temper stands
  The raining, raining, raining!

Balzac used to lie excessively. One day he was walking along the Boulevard Montmartre, with two servant girls on his arms, when he came across two of his friends, Hetzel and Laurent. He quitted the women precipitately, and running to his friends, said to them, in a low tone,

"Don't recognize me. I am with two archduchesses, who have come to Paris in disguise, and whom Metternich has asked me to show the capitol to. Hush!" And, with a mysterious sign, he disappeared.

"What a liar!" said Hetzel. "What did he leave his women for?"

"Simply," replied the other, "to tell them that we are two princes of the blood, his intimate friends."

Our contemporary of the *Tribune*, says the *Pennsylvanian*, must be cool and comfortable about these times. At the commencement of a long yarn in Saturday's paper, all about a Persian glazier in New York, he says: "As we sat at breakfast, sipping ice-water and eating hominy, boiled yesterday and fried to-day," and more to the same purpose. Perhaps, after all, the ice-water and hominy are only typical of corn-juice, and the editor merely meant to insinuate that he had been taking a stiff horn of Cincinnati whisky.

"This must be looked into," as the spoiled child said to his father's watch when he heard it tick.

Here is a very good domestic toast: "May your coffee and slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds."

Lord Chancellor Clare, on one occasion, while Curran was addressing him in a most important case, occupied himself with a favorite spaniel seated near him. Curran having ceased speaking, through indignation or malice prepense, Lord Clare raised his head, and asked:

"Why don't you proceed, Mr. Curran?"

"I thought your Lordships were in consultation," replied Curran.

The *Evening Post* says that a long-bearded customer recently entered a spiritual book-store in this city, and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out West," where he represented that he could soon sell them, as he was assured by the "invisibles." The enterprising bookseller was, of course, delighted with this prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long-bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money, and wanted the books entirely upon credit.

"Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

"Perfectly."

"What evidence of your reliability can you furnish?"

"I have the best of backers, men whose names you know well."

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"Very well," said he, "let us see your papers."

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:

"*To whom it may concern:* We, the undersigned, having been acquainted, spiritually, with Mr. —— ——, of ——, Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
"THOMAS JEFFERSON,
"HENRY CLAY,
"THOMAS PAINE,
"JOHN MILTON, and others.

"Through Jane E——, medium."

The bookseller remarked that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer hereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor, telling him that he did not believe his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

The Boston *Post* tells the following, the ingenuity of which is better than its humanity or honesty: Tompkins bought a fine horse—paid $300 for him. The horse, after a few months, proved to be lame in the right shoulder—Tompkins was distressed about it. Tried all sorts of remedies—embrocations, liniments, Mustang included, under the advice of the very best veterinaries, still the lameness was obstinate and grew rather worse. He became desperate, and hit upon this device to sell the horse. He drove an ugly tenpenny nail plump into the right forefoot, and left it there for ten days; when he led the tortured animal limping to a neighboring blacksmith to be shod. The blacksmith was a dealer in horses and quite a jockey in his way. After a while Tompkins called at the shop for his horse. "That's a splendid gelding of yours, Mr. Tompkins, pity he is so lame," says the blacksmith. "He is, indeed," replied Tompkins; "but he is very lame, and I am afraid he can't be cured." "Perhaps not, and may be he can," says Vulcan. "How much would you be willing to take for him, just as he stands, Mr. Tompkins, money down?" "Ah, well, I don't know what to say about that. If he is cured he is worth all I paid for him, and even much more, as horses go now; but if his lameness should continue, you see he is worth nothing—not a dollar." The blacksmith began to chaffer. First he offered $50, then $100, and at last $200 for the animal. Tompkins was persuaded, and accepted the last offer. The money was paid and the horse delivered on the spot. "Now," says the blacksmith, "as the bargain is finished I will be frank with you, Mr. Tompkins. I suppose I can tell you just exactly what ailed that horse." "Can you?" says Tompkins, "well, I shall be glad to hear it. I *thought* you must know all about it, or you would not have paid me so much money for him." The blacksmith produced the nail and assured Tompkins, with great apparent satisfaction, that while paring down the horse's hoofs he had found that long piece of iron, and drawn it out of the frog of the near fore-foot. "Is that *all* you know about it?" Tompkins asked, very quietly. "All!" replied the blacksmith. "All! isn't that enough, for conscience' sake?" "Well," replied Tompkins, "I don't know as it is. I will be equally frank with you, since the bargain is finished. *I* drove that nail into the *foot*, but the lameness is in the *shoulder*."

A facetious gentleman, traveling in the country, on arriving at an inn was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: "Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying, "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

Napoleon once said, rather irreverently, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Some friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The Empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand. "Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?" The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his most serious air, "It means, madame, it means a venerable sage."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, July* 6, 1857.

HOLIDAY week interfered with the commercial and financial transactions of the port; and the new tariff, which went into effect on the 1st inst., contributed still further to complicate matters, so that, at the present time, the usual commercial statistics are not forthcoming.

The specie export of the week was light, comprising only some $350,000 from Boston; and it is expected that the banks will show a considerable increase this evening.

Stocks are better; we note, in the speculative kinds, a rise of from 2 to 5 per cent. It is a matter among the Wall Street brokers and speculators.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, July* 6, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets varied very little during the week. Flour was in fair supply and demand, chiefly for home use—prices closing a shade higher for some brands of low and medium qualities. We now quote: Ordinary to extra State Flour $6 25 @ $6 90; ordinary to fancy Western do. $6 25 @ $6 50; low to choice extra Western do. $6 50 @ $10 50; fancy to extra Genesee do. $7 00 @ $10 00; low to choice extra Canadian do. $6 85 @ $9 00; low mixed to choice extra Southern do. $7 25 @ $9 75; fine to superfine Rye Flour $4 00 @ $6 00: Corn Meal, $4 00 for Jersey, and $4 25 @ $4 30 for Brandywine, per barrel. Wheat is sparingly offered, and purchased at full rates. White, old, at $1 72½ @ $1 95; Red, old, at $1 47½ @ $1 72½, per bushel. Prime lots of old are obtainable with difficulty. New is arriving very slowly from the South thus far. Some New Red has come forward from Tenessee, for which an offer of $2 00 per bushel has been refused. Corn opened heavily and languidly, but decreased supplies gave more confidence to factors, and prices closed firmly. Mixed 84 @ 85 c.; Yellow 87 @ 88 c.; White 88 @ 96 c.; Rye $1 14 @ $1 18; Western Oats 66 @ 68 c.; State do. 63 @ 67 c.; Jersey do. 62 @ 66 c.; Southern do. 56 @ 60 c.; and Barley $1 45 @ $1 75, per bushel. A small lot of German Barley found a buyer at $1 66 per bushel. Some California Barley was exhibited on 'Change on Tuesday last. It was considered a very fine sample. Cotton attracted considerable attention at rising prices. Middling Uplands 14½; do. Gulfs 14½ @ 14¾ c., per pound. Provisions were in fair demand; but, with ample stocks available, buyers had, for the most part, the advantage. We now quote Mess Pork $22 50; Prime Pork $19 00 @ $19 10; Country Mess Beef $14 00 @ $15 00, per barrel; Prime Mess Beef $23 00 @ $26 00 per tierce; Beef Hams $22 00 @ $28 00 per barrel; Bacon 11½ @ 13 c. per pound; Lard, in barrels, 14 @ 14½ c.; New State Butter 18 @ 26 c.; Cheese 6 @ 10½ c. per pound. No important alteration occurred in other leading commodities.

The freight engagements were limited, and rates were generally nominal. To Liverpool, Cotton, 2s. 6*d.* @ 3s. per bale; Flour, 6*d.* per barrel; Grain, 2½ @ 3*d.* per bushel; Beef, 6 @ 9*d.* per tierce; Resin, 4½ @ 6*d.* per barrel; and Heavy Goods, 7s. 6*d.* @ 12s. 6*d.* per ton. For other ports, proportionate quotations.

We subjoin a comparative statement of the stocks of several articles here, July 1:

	1856.	1857.
Cotton, bales	49,000	45,200
Coffee, packages	111,542	73,812
Hemp, tons	—	185
Hemp, bales	11,475	8,366
Hides, number	92,156	138,631
Leather, Sole, sides	29,400	68,512
Molasses, hogsheads	5,675	17,363
Molasses, barrels	1,535	17,053
Pork, barrels	33,926	49,925
Beef, tierces and barrels	44,650	24,247
Rice, tierces	3,854	4,044
Rice, bags	—	1,510
Sugars, hogsheads	50,291	115,733
Sugars, bags	—	8,007
Sugars, boxes	7,222	27,712
Tobacco, crude, hogsheads	4,904	6,169
Tobacco, crude, bales	6,283	9,696
Tobacco, manufactured, packages	34,257	54,632

The supply of Beeves, present and prospective, exceeding the anticipated requirements of buyers, prices fell off 1 @ 1½ c. per pound at the Forty-fourth Street Live Stock Market, last Wednesday. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, consisted of 3451 Beeves, 303 Milch Cows, 834 Veal Calves, 10,701 Sheep and Lambs, and 4002 Swine, against 3133 Beeves, 231 Milch Cows, 887 Veal Calves, 7338 Sheep and Lambs, and 2216 Swine, the preceding week. Most of the fresh cattle were from Illinois, Ohio, and New York. The range of prices at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 9 c. for the poorest, to 13 c. for premium cattle, per pound—the general average having been 10½ @ 11 c. per pound. The demand was moderate from butchers, and there was some inquiry from graziers, wanting stock to eat up the abundant crops of grass in the country. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were more abundant than needed, and prices again receded. The range was from $20 00 for common, to $65 00 for extra, per head. Veal Calves were in moderate supply and request at easier rates, viz., 5 @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs were plentier, and a shade cheaper, yet not active. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from $3 00 @ $6 50 per head. Swine were dull and heavy at 6½ @ 7½ c. for live, and 8½ @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market was well supplied with new vegetables, and though these are in good request, prices lean steadily in favor of buyers. Strawberries are being gradually superseded by Cherries, of which an abundant crop is looked for. Other varieties of fruits are rather scarce, and too dear to attract general notice. Eggs are plentier and cheaper. No further important variations can be noticed.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, Dried, State, per pound	10	@	12½
Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$3 50	@	$5 00
" per quart box	12	@	15
Cherries, per pound	8	@	15
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound	16	@	20
Gooseberries, per bushel	$2 75	@	$3 25
Potatoes, old, per barrel	$2 50	@	$4 00
" new, per barrel	$4 00	@	$5 50
" Sweet, per barrel	$3 50	@	$4 00
Onions, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	—
" per pound	1½	@	2
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	$3 50	@	$4 50
Tomatoes, per basket	$5 00	@	—
Spinach, per barrel	50	@	87½
Lettuce, per hundred	$1 00	@	$1 25
Rhubarb, per dozen	75	@	$1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
" per basket	62½	@	87½
White Beans, per bushel	$2 25	@	—
String Beans, new, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	$1 25	@	$1 50
Squashes, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$2 50
Parsley, per 100	$2 00	@	—
Watermelons, per 100	$30 00	@	$35 00
Beets, per barrel	$4 50	@	$5 00
" per 100 bunches	$6 00	@	—
Cucumbers, per 100	$2 50	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	16	@	21
" State, per pound	18	@	26
Cheese, State, per pound	6	@	10½
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	17
Fowls, per pound	14	@	16
Live Fowls, per pair	75	@	$1 00
Ducks, Domestic, per pair	$1 00	@	$1 50
" " per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound	16	@	20
Geese, each	$1 50	@	$1 75
Pigeons, wild, per dozen	75	@	$1 25
Pigeons, Squab, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 50
Beef, per pound	8½	@	12½
Mutton, per pound	8	@	11
Lamb, per pound	11	@	13
Veal, per pound	9	@	11
Pork, per pound	8½	@	9½

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